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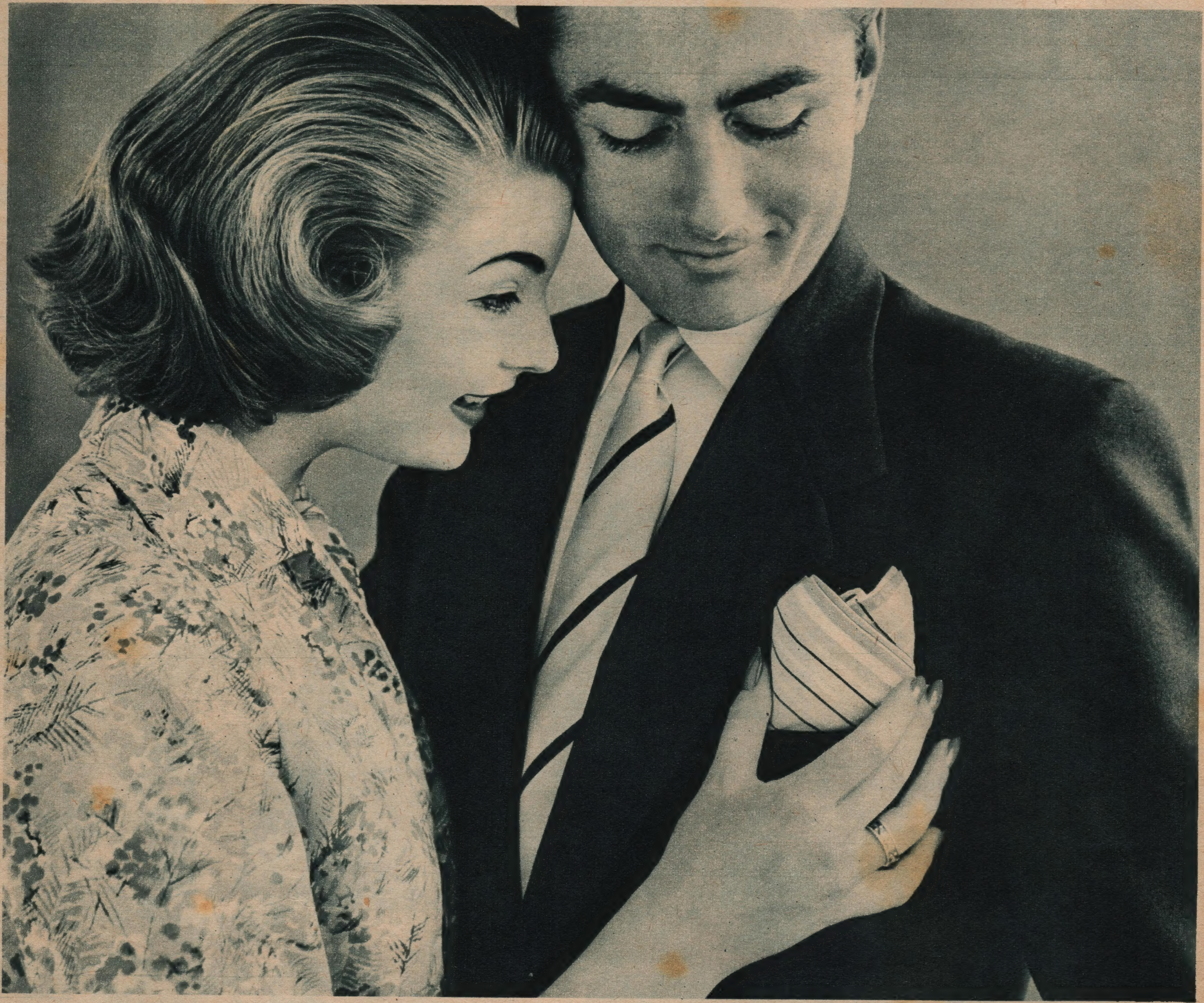

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Harold Mead—a soothsayer knew the truth about him

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago an Indian fortune-teller called at the officers' quarters of The Dorset Regiment stationed in India and offered to foretell the future. Harold Charles Hume Mead lightheartedly accepted the invitation. The Indian told him that he would never be a successful soldier, but that one day he would be a successful writer. "I sent him packing," says Mead, who was invalided out of the army in 1945 and is now the author of two novels and a dozen short stories. The latest, *The Loyalty Of Private Mould,* begins on page 18.

After seventeen years in the Regular Army, Mead never expected to become a civilian. But he was captured at Singapore and his army career was finished after he had spent three and a half years in a Japanese prison camp, working on the Rangoon—Burma "death railway." At the age of thirty-seven he went to Cambridge and read English. Now he is the warden of Glen Eyre Hall, of Southampton University, and owner of one of the three Rolls-Royce cars which are parked in the residents' car park there.

He finds that coping with the 150 students in his care leaves him very little spare time for writing. His wife Kathleen finds it "rather nice" to have so many able-bodied men around the house when their two sons, Arthur (nineteen) and Henry (ten) are away at college and school. "But their lives are certainly different from our young days," she says. "When I met my husband he had to ask his colonel's permission to marry. And on financial grounds he wouldn't even contemplate doing that until eight years later, when he was twenty-six."

LIKE all the other contributors to our *Challenge The Famous* series, Gerald Campion was given no chance to check with reference books before answering his six questions on food, which appear on page 31. "One concession though," pleaded Campion. "Do you mind awfully if I get on with my lunch at the same time?" This was because he was in a hurry, not because he was carrying his B.B.C. TV rôle as Billy Bunter, Fat Boy of Greyfriars School, into everyday life.

"To play that part I had to wear ten pounds of padding to give me the girth—and the resistance to the frequent larrupings," he says. "In fact, the padding and the television lighting made me so hot that I was losing weight rather than putting it on."

After leaving R.A.D.A., Campion played several small parts in plays and films. The Greyfriars series, which began five and a half years ago, brought him his first fan mail in bulk. "Most of it was from schoolgirls," says Campion. "The older ones seemed to enjoy watching my tribulations, but a number of small girls wanted to marry me. They didn't realize that I was thirty-five years old and was already married with two school-age children of my own."

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Free Speech

- Only the best for Londoners
- The things we hear at the doctor's
- What's to happen to garden refuse?

In the Midlands a vast collection of art treasures was built up by successive Dukes of Devonshire. In settlement of death duties, the nation takes many of these art treasures. And what does it do with them? It sends them to London.

Why must London have the best of everything? These are the best pictures, and the best pictures are for the best people. Where do the best people live? In London, of course.

There is a good deal of anger in the North about this sort of pilfering by the smug and conceited South, but it will have no effect. Nothing will be allowed to stand in London's way.—P. Thompson, Leeds, Yorkshire.

"We are trying to secure more general distribution of the nation's art treasures," says the Town Clerk of Sheffield, who is secretary of a committee which is investigating this problem. "We hope that more and more important works will be lent by the London galleries for exhibition in the provinces."

Wild Orchids

I was surprised that Peter Jackson, in his article on orchids (John Bull, February 15) said that all wild orchids are scentless.

From my limited knowledge of wild orchids, I know that there are at least three scented ones: the early purple, the fragrant and the butterfly.

True, the early purple has rather an unpleasant perfume, but the other two have delightful and powerful scents. The scent of the fragrant orchid is similar to that of the carnation.—Mary Lindsay, Harlow Crescent, Harrogate.

"Fifty kinds of wild orchid grow in Britain," says a botanist. "Fifteen have a distinct scent. Of those two are unpleasant-smelling and thirteen are sweet-smelling."

Frozen Off

A limit of five minutes for local telephone calls, as suggested by Miss Rosalind Keller ("Free Speech," February 1) is quite unnecessary. If telephone kiosks were built, as they are in Norway, with only the top half closed in, no limit would be needed. An east wind, or even a gusty wet breeze, would shorten any conversation.—C. R. Manley, New Street, Honiton, Devon.

Who's To Judge?

Outside a café I saw an advertisement, on which the various items on the menu were listed. Among them was this: HAM AND EGGS . . . 2s. TWO EGGS IF YOU'RE HANDSOME.—G. E. Rees, Neuadd Reichel, Bangor, North Wales.

Baccy Penny

I was a party to the illegal practice of using coins as weights ("Free Speech," February 15) when I was a boy.

I worked in a grocer's shop which sold twist tobacco at threepence an ounce. We sold pennyworths, using a penny from the till as a weight, but when Old Fisher came in for his pennyworth, he produced his own penny, carefully kept in a separate pocket, unused in any other way, and certainly heavier than a penny taken from the till.—A. Blackah, Old Road, Stanningley, Pudsey, Yorks.

Not Deaf, Anyway

I dislike having to visit my doctor because I have such good hearing. No matter where I sit in the waiting-room, I can hear almost every word spoken in the consulting-room, and my ears get pinker and pinker as I wonder whether all the other waiting patients hear what I hear.

Both my own doctor and his partner are so pleasant and so well liked that I am sure nobody would embarrass them by mentioning it but, on moral and ethical grounds, I think something should be done to make the consulting-room soundproof.—O. H., Bedfordshire.

Dreaming

The letter from Mr. Matthew Bladon, the deaf mute who found that in his dreams he made speeches and conducted orchestras ("Free Speech," February 8) interested me greatly.

I lost both legs eighteen months ago, and for a time I ran, walked and played through dreamland on legs of flesh and blood.

But now my subconscious has accepted the situation, and I stump through my dream on artificial legs.—J. V. Handley, Brockmoor, Brierley Hill, Staffordshire.

Cleansing Fire

The ban on dark smoke raises the problem of how to dispose of garden refuse. Bonfires will be taboo, burying it is out of the question and the dustmen will continue to refuse to take the stuff away.

That leaves one way only. Gardening experts explain in glowing terms the advantages of home-made composts. I can see, then, what the effect of this ban will be in a few years' time. So much rubbish will have collected that, at the back and front of every home, mountainous steaming compost heaps in various stages of decomposition will cover what were once lovingly maintained gardens.—R. W. Seaton, Alexandra Road, Rugby, Warwickshire.

Queenly Duke

Richard Dimbleby was asked how many royal dukes there are, in "Challenge The Famous" (John Bull, February 15). He answered five, and was adjudged right. The ones he named were the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cornwall, the Duke of Windsor, the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Kent.

Should he not have included the Queen, who is Duke of Lancaster?—A. Ambrey, Conway Avenue, Normoss, Blackpool.

"The Queen is not Duke of Lancaster," says Debrett, "because the sovereign is above the peerage. However, she is traditionally referred to as such in Lancashire, and at a banquet there, for example, the loyal toast would be to 'The Queen, Duke of Lancaster.' There is not, however, such a title in the peerage."

German Insignia

Arthur Eperon is wrong in describing the insignia on the Dornier bomber's wings as the Iron Cross (John Bull, February 8.) The straight-edged Greek Cross, which is also known as the Balkan Cross, was used on all German aircraft during the last war, along with the Swastika.

The Iron Cross, or Cross Patee, to give it its correct title, was used only in the first world war, and its use was discontinued in early 1918 because trigger-happy German pilots were inclined to mistake it for Allied insignia in the heat of a dogfight.

The new German Air Force has resumed use of the Cross Patee to identify its aircraft serving with Nato.—Victor Labati, Sussex Mansions, Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

He's sold his customers the seven seas, the five continents, the two hemispheres—and now he's all alone . . . one very jaded executive suffering from the after-effects of a booking-up blitz. Twilight was never more welcome than after this day of reflecting sunshine for the summer's voyagers. For although travel broadens some people's minds, it seems only to narrow the eyes of Coleman's cover agent. All *he's* got now is a conducted bus ride home. What he really needs, of course, is a dose of his own medicine. A fortnight on the Riviera, say. . . .

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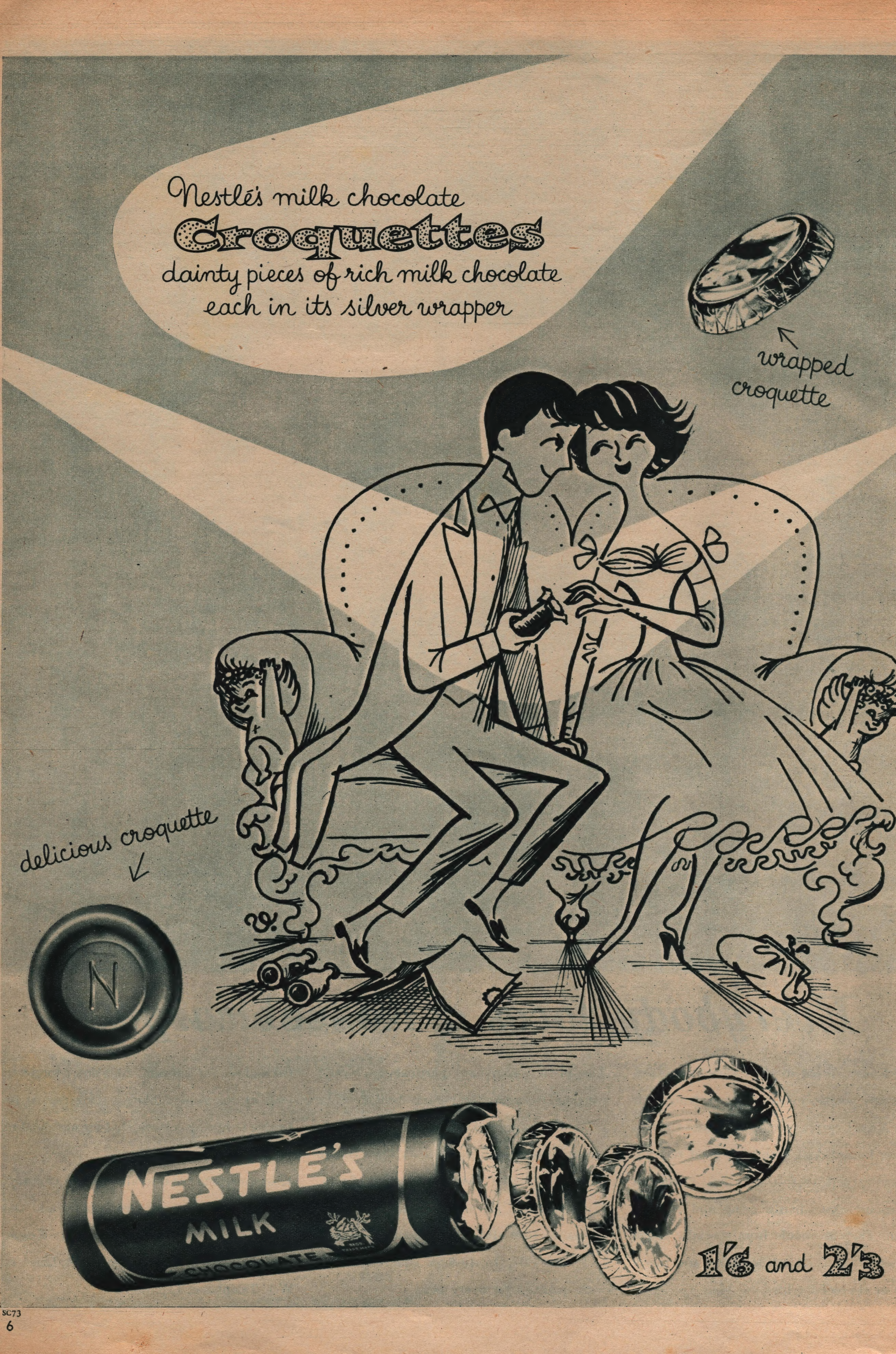
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Educated Angel

by **BRIAN CLEEVE**

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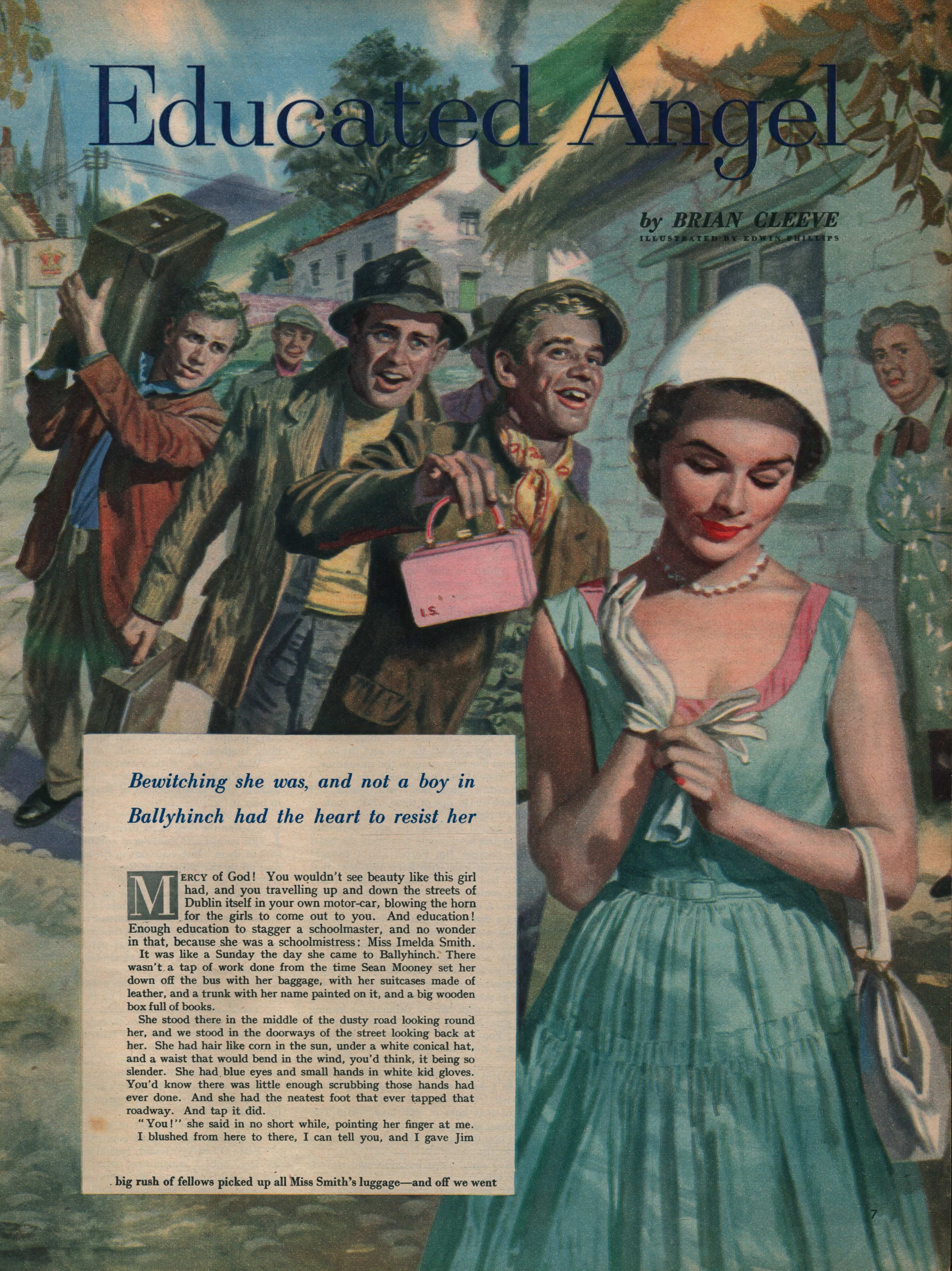

Bewitching she was, and not a boy in Ballyhinch had the heart to resist her

MERCY of God! You wouldn't see beauty like this girl had, and you travelling up and down the streets of Dublin itself in your own motor-car, blowing the horn for the girls to come out to you. And education! Enough education to stagger a schoolmaster, and no wonder in that, because she was a schoolmistress: Miss Imelda Smith.

It was like a Sunday the day she came to Ballyhinch. There wasn't a tap of work done from the time Sean Mooney set her down off the bus with her baggage, with her suitcases made of leather, and a trunk with her name painted on it, and a big wooden box full of books.

She stood there in the middle of the dusty road looking round her, and we stood in the doorways of the street looking back at her. She had hair like corn in the sun, under a white conical hat, and a waist that would bend in the wind, you'd think, it being so slender. She had blue eyes and small hands in white kid gloves. You'd know there was little enough scrubbing those hands had ever done. And she had the neatest foot that ever tapped that roadway. And tap it did.

"You!" she said in no short while, pointing her finger at me.

I blushed from here to there, I can tell you, and I gave Jim

. **big rush of fellows picked up all Miss Smith's luggage—and off we went**

Oh, the grandeur of the girl! With so much glory in our parish there was bound to be some fighting soon

Farrell that was standing beside me a big nudge forward with my elbow.

"It's you she's pointing at," he said, hissing at me through his broken tooth. I'd broken that on him years back when we were still in school, but he'd never forgotten it, and whenever he wanted to put me in the wrong he'd whistle and hiss at me through the gap. "Go out to the lady now."

"By God," said I, "and I will then." And I combed my fingers through my hair and swaggered out to her with my belt drawn in and my chest thrown out, and the eyes of the village on me.

I grinned at the lady, and shuffled my feet in the dust. A long way behind me I could hear Jim Farrell hissing and whistling, and I knew that he was hoping and praying for me to make a fool of myself. But no fear of that. I just stuck my hands behind my back and grinned at her.

And then, would you believe it, she held out her hand to me and said: "I'm Miss Smith, the new schoolmistress. I've come to succeed Miss Ryan. How do you do?"

As I looked at her hand, so little and small in its white glove, I felt my neck and then my face going like a beetroot. Because Jim Farrell and me had been spading manure for Tim Coonerty's compost heap when we'd heard the bus coming, which was why I'd put my hands behind my back when I walked out to Miss Smith.

A bee buzzed round me, and went off with itself, and Miss Smith wrinkled her nose as if she could smell something. Then she changed the direction of her hand to be pointing at her luggage.

"Would some of you be kind enough to carry my cases up to Miss Ryan's cottage? I'm staying with her until I can move into a place of my own."

"Of course, ma'am," I mumbled, and I imagined to myself how I'd explain to her about the manure the minute we were out of earshot of all those people gawking at us from the doorways and the windows. But before I had the words as much as sorted out in my mind, wasn't there a big rush of fellows out into the road, laying hands left and right on her luggage like pirates? And Jim Farrell at the head of them, whistling and hissing.

"Why didn't you shake hands with the lady, and she treating you as if you were the gentry, you poor gormless loony?"

"Why . . ." I said, raising my fists to him. But he just laid a suitcase across my forearms and grinned and hissed at me over the top of it.

"Show the lady the way," he said, "and don't be falling over your feet."

We went off up to Miss Ryan's cottage like a bishop's procession. There was me, staggering under this big suitcase, and a crowd of fellers round the box and the trunk like crabs scrabbling at a couple of dead seagulls; and Jim Farrell, carrying a dainty little vanity case, and Miss Smith herself chatting away to him and him to her as if they'd known each other for a year and a day.

"By the Holy," I promised myself. "I won't be long disabusing her as to the class of man Jim Farrell is, before she gets the wrong notion about him entirely." And I had it planned that when we had all laid our luggage down in Miss Ryan's garden, I'd send the rest of them packing and give Miss Smith a hand into the cottage with her bits and pieces all by myself. You couldn't be having the rag-tag and bobtail of the village tramping about on Miss Ryan's linoleum, not to speak of Jim Farrell.

But somehow or other that wasn't the way it happened. I hadn't as much as laid down the suitcase inside Miss Ryan's gate, and was inspecting my two arms to see if they were broken, when old Miss Ryan herself was out of the door, poking at me with her stick as if I was a bullock.

"My delphiniums!" she screeched. "My flowers! Take that big packing case of a suitcase up out of that, off my flower bed." And she hit me a whack across the legs with her stick that had me hopping and screeching as loud as herself.

And with that Jim Farrell came up.

"By the powers," he said, pretending to be shocked. "The ignorance of some people. He's after ruining your nasturtiumums, Miss Ryan, ma'am."

"Delphiniums," said Miss Ryan savagely. "Away with you! Away with the lot of you, with your muddy feet all over my path! Get out, get out!"

She near brained Miss Smith with her stick, along with the rest of us, being short-sighted. And I could see the changes taking place in Miss Smith's face moment by moment. It wasn't the kind of introduction we ought to have given her to Ballyhinch at all. And, of course, who was it stayed behind to clear up the ruins in the garden and shift the cases? Jim Farrell.

The rest of us tramped down the hill again. But there wasn't any question of going back to work. It was near three o'clock anyway, so we all turned in to O'Shaughnessy's bar. The three of the O'Shaughnessys were there behind the counter waiting for us, Tim O'Shaughnessy and his missis and young Sheila. Tim would have been along up the hill with us, of course, only his missis had pulled him back into the bar by the tail of his shirt.

"Such carryings on," she said now, sniffing, and giving a nasty wipe to a pint mug. "A bit of a slip of a girl gets off the bus and the lot of you runs mad like billy goats in the springtime."

"Not in front of the child," said Tim.

"You needn't mind me," said Sheila. "I wouldn't look at the one of them. Billy goats is the word all right."

And she tossed her head at me. Yesterday that toss of the head would have put the heart across me, because Jim Farrell and I thought that we were in love with her. But now that Miss Smith had come I knew what love really was, and I could look on Sheila O'Shaughnessy like a sister. A pretty sister. A cuddlesome kind of kitten of a sister. But still a sister.

Sheila has a very common kind of red hair, pretty much like mine, only longer and curlier. And freckles across her nose. And little white teeth liked peeled nuts. And she goes in there and she comes out here the way a girl should, the way she'd fit your arm a dream and you walking down the road with her by twilight, or leaning across a gate looking at the cows. But not educated. You couldn't imagine her in white gloves and a straw hat saying: "How do you do?"

"How do you do?" I said aloud, dreamily-like.

"How do I do?" said Sheila, thinking I was talking to her. "How do I do what?"

"None of that kind of talk here," said Tim O'Shaughnessy savagely. He was still raging at not having been let up the hill with Miss Smith's luggage, like the rest of us.

"Arrah," I said, "you wouldn't understand. It's Dublin talk."

"It's mad talk," said Sheila half-crying. "I don't know what's come over everyone." And she gave a little soft, muffled kind of a sob and ducked through the curtain into the private part of the shop.

"Now look what you've done with your 'how do you do,'" said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and she wouldn't even scoop the froth off my pint.

But it wasn't me that had done it. It was Miss Smith. And the more the days went by the more she did it, because that first day we'd only seen the beauty and the finery of her. As the days unfolded we saw the education of her as well, and we realized that we had something that was going to bring great glory to the parish.

First off we found out that she wasn't just an ordinary schoolmistress like Miss Ryan. A B.A. she was, no less. Miss Dooley, the sub-postmistress, told us that, the very first letter Miss Smith received. From the Department of Education. Miss Imelda Smith, B.A. The grandeur of it!

And then we found out that she had money as well; not just her salary, but private money in the bank. Miss Dooley, who would have the best means of knowing, handling all the correspondence, said it was better than three hundred. And, what was more, Miss Smith could have had a position in Dublin itself if she'd wanted it, and had only come to us to do research into the dialect and the customs of the district, and things like that, so she could get an even grander degree in the future.

"By the powers," said Jim Farrell, who was telling us this, "education is a grand thing. There I was this self-same afternoon talking to Miss Smith like man to man. Arguing about this. Telling about that. And where would I have been but for the education the grace of God and Miss Ryan gave me? Where would I have been, I ask you? Only shuffling my feet and hiding my hands like that poor feller there, without a word to say for myself."

He pointed at me as he said this, and everybody laughed, including Sheila O'Shaughnessy.

"Well," I said, "if that's the way it is, I'll be off home and let you laugh and scandal-monger without the embarrassment of having me there to hear it."

I SLAMMED the door to let them think I was in a right temper and thinking of nothing but being shot of them. But, once out in the street, I tiptoed off up the hill to Miss Ryan's—the opposite direction to my own cottage. I knew that Miss Smith had taken a lease on Tom Clarty's cottage, him having gone to America to stay with his sister in Buffalo, and a plan had come to me. And by a blessing it was Miss Smith herself that opened the door, and not that old faggot Miss Ryan that might have chased me before I could open my mouth.

"I . . ." I said. I'd had the words prepared, but they seemed to get tangled up in my throat.

"Yes?" said Miss Smith. She was wearing something green, with white flowers on it, and she looked like a branch of a hawthorn tree in spring; so cool and slender.

"I . . . I wondered, ma'am," I began again, and then got it out all of a rush, "if so be as you might be wanting Tom Clarty's cottage put to rights a bit. Maybe a lick of a paint-brush across the door?"

"Well, that's very good of you," she said. "Very good indeed. What's your name?"

"Peter O'Leary," I said, beginning to shuffle my feet, until I remembered what Jim Farrell had just said below in O'Shaughnessy's.

"Good, Peter," Miss Smith said, smiling at me sweetly. "I'll take you at your word, then."

At that the sky brightened up again like the sun coming out from behind a black cloud. *Peter*. It wouldn't be just anyone she'd call by their Christian name at first introduction. It wouldn't be Jim Farrell she'd be calling "Jim" now, with all his big talk. I'd lay a pound to that.

I didn't even mind when she fetched a paint-brush and a pot of paint out of the back of Miss Ryan's, and put them right into my hands, along with a paint-scraper. It was a beginning, and I didn't have to try too hard to look pleased.

"You'll have a new door in the morning, Miss Smith, ma'am. You can lay to that," I said, and waited for her to say something tender. Maybe like: "Call me Imelda, Peter. Miss Smith is so formal," the way the film star did in the film we saw one winter in the parish hall. But all she said was: "Excuse me now. I have some exercises to correct. But thank you very much." And she smiled and closed the door.

Still and all, it might have been worse. Not just "thank you." Thank you *very* much. And a smile. I imitated the way she said it, and the way she'd smiled, all the way down the hill, and I wished I was passing my own cottage so I could have gone in and done it in front of the mirror, to get it just right. But if I was going to get the door painted before dark I'd no time for dawdling.

I never realized what a big front door Tom Clarty had. You could have got a cow through that door and not scraped her sides. And the paint. Thick with it. Ten, maybe twelve layers of it. I'd chip a bit here, and I'd chip a bit there, and you might as well be taking a chip out of the mountain. After maybe half an hour I thought my wrist was broken, and I sat down a bit to nurse it, looking down the street to O'Shaughnessy's at the far end, and thinking of the big pint I might have been having that minute, instead of sitting there in the dying day killing myself over the paint on Tom Clarty's dirty great door.

And then what should happen but, stealing down the hill on tippytoe, in the shadows, there was Jim Farrell, shouldering a great hoe and a spade. When he saw me sitting there in the dark of the doorway, you'd think he'd seen the Devil himself.

"You!" he said, letting the hoe fall to the path.

"Me!" I said. "Come to do a bit o' weeding? Well, don't just stand there shuffling your feet like a cow at a ditch. Get the place wed."

He lifted the spade at that, and I picked up the brick I was sitting on.

"By the powers," said Jim Farrell, "if I didn't think it would turn Miss Smith's stomach to find blood on her doorstep in the morning, I'd flatten you where you're standing."

"There's talk for an educated man," I said. "Violence never got anyone anywhere."

"No one nowhere," Jim Farrell corrected me. "Well, I suppose we'd better get on with it. Although if she'd told me you were here. . . ." And he picked up the hoe and nearly drove a hole through the path, the way he went at a weed. But after a little while he quietened down, and it was almost a pleasure to me to be chipping the door, the way I heard him gasping and sweating over those weeds, and turning over the potato patch that had gone hard as cement with the hot summer.

It was near ten o'clock before we were finished, and we went down the street bow-legged towards O'Shaughnessy's not even able to speak to each other, which was maybe just as well. Although, queer enough, what we'd just been through drew us together in a way, as if we were comrades in misfortune.

In O'Shaughnessy's all the others were lying about like the lilies of the field, toiling not nor spinning, but just pouring great pints slowly down throats that hadn't earned the heel-tap of a dram all evening.

And there we were with the sweat running like bog water under our oxters and the muscles shaking on us like seaweed jelly.

I never saw Sheila O'Shaughnessy look so cuddlesome and for a horrible second I wondered whether I wasn't making a mistake, and that maybe I should leave Miss Smith to Jim Farrell after all. But then I thought of the education, and the B.A., and the three hundred, and that cool little smile she'd give a man, and

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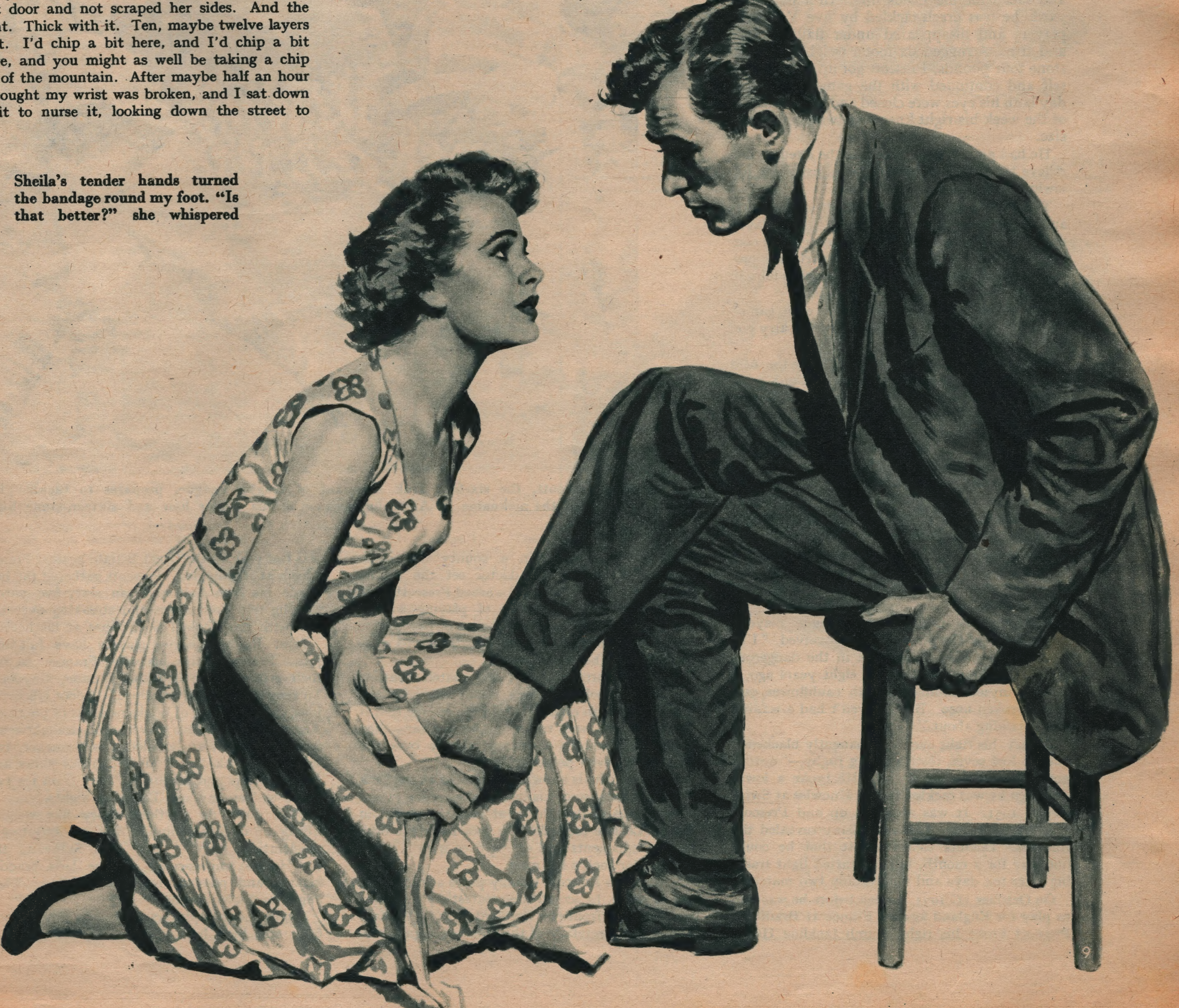

Sheila's tender hands turned the bandage round my foot. "Is that better?" she whispered

Rugger's pink elephant bounces back

by JOHN BALLANTINE

He's often down, but not out. The tearaway giant of Britain's roughest game will play on with a broken rib, two black eyes—or without shorts

Alan Prescott, the six-foot Pink Elephant of Rugby League, prepares to tackle. He was given the nickname in Australia because of his ginger hair and sixteen-stone bulk

During a Rugby League match between St. Helens and Leeds, Alan Prescott, captain of Great Britain, Lancashire and St. Helens, captured a loose ball and raced for the Leeds line. In a matter of yards he was crash-tackled by five Yorkshire players and disappeared under flailing boots and arms. A rugged six-footer weighing sixteen stone four pounds, Prescott got up, shook himself and continued with the game. The next day both his eyes were closed and by the middle of the week his right knee was twice its normal size.

He had an injection to reduce the swelling and relieve the pain and turned out as usual the following Saturday.

This ability to recover quickly from the hurts and bumps of the most rugged sport played regularly in Britain is both a tradition and a condition of employment among the part-time professionals of the thirty Rugby League clubs in Lancashire, Yorkshire and Cumberland.

One trainer tells his men before each game: "If you win, limp off. If you lose, we'll carry you off."

Rugby League players seldom leave the field unless they are seriously injured. In one game between Huddersfield and Batley last November, Malcolm Fryer, the Batley hooker, received a violent blow in the mouth which loosened two front teeth. Ernest Shackleton, the club masseur, ran on to the field and pulled out the teeth by hand. Fryer continued the game.

After Ike Owen, a forward, had been transferred from Leeds to Castleford a few years ago, he played six matches without realizing that he had a cracked rib. Another Castleford player, Wilson Hall, a thirteen-stone New Zealand Maori, once played a whole season with a badly torn thigh muscle.

Prescott, like most Rugby League players, makes little of the physical risks involved. "I've been lucky. When I was put in the dangerous position of front-row forward eight years ago, I fancied myself ending up with cauliflower ears and a broken nose. But I haven't had a scratch worth talking about."

In fact, his right eye is permanently blackened and he lost seven teeth playing rugby—"until I got the knack of ducking." He broke a lower rib when he was tackled by Joe Knowles at Swinton in 1951. It was strapped up and Prescott finished the game. Later an X-ray revealed the fracture. Doctors told Prescott that he could not play for a month, but he started light training after ten days and missed only two matches.

On October 31, 1953, a week before he was due to play for England against France at Bradford, Prescott broke his right thumb tackling Harry Bath of Warrington in a county cup semi-final at Swinton. His doctor set the thumb in a plaster of paris cast and warned Prescott that, apart from the foolishness of playing with a broken thumb, he stood no chance of passing the referee's inspection of hands for dangerous rings or fingernails before the game.

On the morning of the big match Prescott wound flesh-coloured tape round the cast and disguised it with mud. He told the referee that it was a cut he was trying to keep clean—then helped England to a narrow victory over the French by seven points to five.

Prescott, who is known in Australia as the Pink Elephant because of his bulk and receding ginger hair, is regarded as the most versatile player in Rugby League football. He uses his great bulk to stop opponents and scores tries with a speed unusual for such a big man.

"Although Prescott usually plays a rampaging sort of game, he scored the greatest try I've ever seen from a front-row forward," says William Fallowfield, secretary of the Rugby League. "It was last year, in the Great Britain against France match at Headingley. Prescott gathered the ball inside his own half and ran sixty-five yards, beating five Frenchmen and streaking over the line with the whole French team at his heels."

Most Rugby League players have full-time jobs. Prescott helps his wife, Frances, to run their grocery shop in Clipsley Lane, Haydock. To keep fit, he takes occasional outdoor labouring jobs, carrying hods of bricks or sacks of potatoes. Among the St. Helens players are a draughtsman, a schoolteacher, an hotelier, a boilermaker, two miners, a truck driver, an apprentice joiner and several fitters and labourers. They train for two hours on Tuesday and Thursday nights.

"We don't do anything fancy like weight-lifting or circuit training. It's all sprinting—acceleration work," says Jim Sullivan, the St. Helens trainer-coach. "The lads practise kicking and passing, but not tackling. They might hurt one another."

Rugby League players hurt each other cheerfully and bear few grudges. In one game at

At home Prescott plays with his sons. But his wife is not keen on his playing rugby. Too many players get injured, she says

Warrington in March, 1955, Josh Gaskell, St. Helens's seventeen-stone second-row forward, picked up the ball near the half-way line and charged towards Warrington's line with only Albert Naughton, the home centre, in his way.

As they met at top speed, Gaskell "handed off" Naughton, who weighs fourteen stone, with a stiff right arm. The blow pushed in one side of Naughton's face, fracturing his cheekbone in two places, and depressed the flesh like a jelly. Naughton staggered but did not fall. Going to the referee he pointed out the damage and said: "I think I'll have to go off, ref."

Walking into the dressing-room, Naughton put on his jacket and went to Warrington Infirmary. There a surgeon made an incision above the cheek, inserted a small steel lever and prised the cheekbone into place before sewing up the cut.

Gaskell also had to leave the field for attention. The middle three fingers of his right hand had been jolted out of their sockets by the impact and they stuck out uselessly at extraordinary angles. The trainer pulled them straight and taped them together. Then Gaskell got on with the game.

A few months later Gaskell was transferred to Warrington for £2,000. He and Naughton are now team-mates and good friends.

"Both teams climb into one big bath together after the game," says Prescott. "No matter how badly a chap has hurt you, it's difficult to bear him any ill will if he starts soaping your back."

League Rugby started in 1895 when twenty northern clubs, who wanted to give artisan players travelling expenses and to compensate them for loss of working days, broke away from the Rugby Union, reduced their teams to thirteen players—six forwards instead of eight—and altered the value of any goal to two points.

Other changes included scrums instead of line-outs, the "ball back" rule, whereby a player who is tackled and retains possession of the ball is allowed to heel it quickly to a team-mate, and the rule that a ball kicked into touch must bounce in play first.

League enthusiasts claim that theirs is a more entertaining game with more open play and fewer delays. Rugby Union followers are apt to look down on the League game. This has not prevented many of the Union's greatest players from "turning League" for a consideration.

Lewis Jones, the Welsh full-back, received £6,000, and Pat Quinn, England's centre, £2,000 from Leeds; Martin Regan, England's fly-half, and Robin Thompson, Irish captain of the all-star "British Lions" Union touring side, both got £2,000 from Warrington. Recently St. Helens paid out more than £8,000, including tax, to encourage Tom Van Vollenhoven, South Africa's Rugby Union star and Olympic sprinter, to turn professional.

Trainer Jim Sullivan (left) with Prescott and team-mate Tom Van Vollenhoven. Sullivan likes big forwards—to "soften up" the opposition

"I'm envious when I see these Union chaps making fortunes by going League," admits Alan Prescott. "I came up the hard way. I got only £50 when Halifax signed me in 1943."

League clubs have four competitions: the county cup—an early season knock-out tournament, county league awards, the League Championship Cup, and the League Challenge Cup, the final of which has been played since 1929 at Wembley Stadium, before crowds of up to 95,000.

The St. Helens club is a limited company. Shareholders, who must hold at least one hundred 10s. shares, include professional men, shopkeepers and artisans. Attendances at their Knowsley Road ground average 15,000—and half the spectators are women. The players are idolized. Recently, when Prescott asked an old supporter what he had thought of the opposition, the fan replied: "I only watch t'Saints, never t'other side."

Alan Prescott was born on June 17, 1927, in Widnes. While he played stand-off half, Warrington Road School was never beaten in three seasons. In 1941, when he was fourteen, his side played Central School, whose "star" was Nat Silcock, now a St. Helens second-row forward. Hector Ireland, Prescott's headmaster, who refereed, was short of a touch judge and asked a schoolmistress named Betty Sparks to take a line.

A few minutes from time Prescott got the ball and began a forty-yard dash for the deciding try. After a few yards he was tackled by Silcock, who got desperate hands on Prescott's shorts and pulled them clean off. Clad only in his shirt, Prescott ran thirty-five yards to win the match.

"I'll never forget Ireland's face as he rushed up to shield me from the public gaze, shouting, 'Really, Prescott!' Miss Sparks was a good sport and laughed louder than anybody."

In 1943 Prescott was apprenticed as an electrician at the I.C.I. works, Widnes. Soon he signed for Halifax, who took him around with them in case their winger, Arthur Bassett, could not get off police duty at Derby.

In 1947, after National Service with the South Lancashire Regiment in Palestine, Prescott found travelling between his Widnes home and Halifax so tiring that he applied to I.C.I. for a transfer to their Huddersfield works. When this was refused he asked Halifax for a move and was transferred to St. Helens for £2,100.

St. Helens are trained by Jim Sullivan, one of the greatest players in League history. He likes his forwards big, tough and fast and the St. Helens pack is the heaviest in the League. All wear shoulder pads beneath their red and white jerseys, which makes them look even bigger than they are.

"When Sullivan's supermen swagger out on to a rival ground you can hear the crowd moan," says a rival clubman.

Helped by Sullivan, Prescott, who off the field enjoys playing games with his sons, Tony, aged eight, and Paul, aged two, and making music on the piano and accordion, rose rapidly in the game. He captained Lancashire and England and went on Great Britain's 1954 tour of Australia and New Zealand. He played in the match against New South Wales on Sydney cricket ground when 40,000 spectators and the Governor-General, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, saw the referee order both teams off for fighting.

Last year he led the Great Britain team on a tour of Australia and New Zealand.

Ever since the "Rorke's Drift" Test at Sydney in 1914, when Great Britain won with ten men, matches against Australia have been rough. Not all the punishment is meted out by big men. Duggie Greenall of St. Helens, one of the game's hardest tacklers, weighs only eleven stone eight pounds. "Duggie's secret is timing," says Prescott. "He catches a man on the wrong foot and hits him with every ounce."

Rugby League players seldom get less than £9 for a win and £5 for a defeat, with a draw away counting as a win and a draw at home as a loss. But most clubs spur on their teams with bonuses which may reach £50 at Wembley. At St. Helens a director informs the players of the day's bonus money as they run out of the dressing-rooms. "It encourages them to put on a show against a weak team or fight hard against a top side," says Harry Cook, the St. Helens chairman.

Rugby League players' fun is as boisterous as their play. When Warrington were training at Ilkley for the 1950 cup final against Widnes, Harry Bath, the captain, and four of his team, were playing a putting match for 6d. a hole on a park green. When Bath's ball rolled under the greenkeeper's office, his team-mates each took hold of a corner of the shed, lifted it up to allow their captain to play his putt, laid it down again and, in the best traditions of Rugby League, "got on wi' t'game."

THE END

Sir Ronald Howe (centre) at the Italian police H.Q. in Rome. He was Britain's representative on Interpol, the crime weapon of many nations

INSIDE SCOTLAND YARD • 3

Tea for two traps the crooks

by SIR RONALD HOWE

To get at the truth, British policemen don't need to get tough. They work on suspects with kind words and courtesy

POLICEMEN have no personal animosity against any criminal, and they would be the last people to suggest long terms of imprisonment for first offenders or those charged with comparatively trivial offences. But they are genuinely glad to see hardened criminals, who have been fairly tried and properly convicted, behind bars. Indeed, it is essential to effective police action that the police should be convinced that, when they have spent many hard days and nights tracking a suspect down, he should be properly dealt with.

There is a man walking about the streets of a certain town who has killed two people and got away with it. Some years ago the body of a woman was found on the quay of a disused dock. There had been an attempt to throttle her, but she had actually died from wounds on the top of her head which, it was suspected, came from the kicks of a boot.

The police had no doubt about whom they suspected of causing her death. This suspect wore boots of the type used by navvies, with tacks, iron toeplates and iron heelplates. On the toecap of his right boot the police found a certain amount of blood, but the pathologist disagreed with the view that the wounds could have been caused by kicking.

Still fairly sure of their suspect, the police then made another search near the spot where the body had been lying, and found two tiny pieces of brown glass, such as might have come from a bottle. When this find was reported, the pathologist agreed that the wounds could have been made by a blow from a bottle.

The next problem was to find the rest of the bottle, which had presumably gone into the thirty-foot deep dock. A diver who went down could see nothing, so the detectives, with remarkable ingenuity, got hold of an iron gate and tied it to a boat so that it hung suspended at a certain depth in the water. The diver was then lowered face downwards on to the gate, and rowed gently over the likely area, where he picked up various pieces of the base of a bottle.

After many inquiries, this bottle was traced to a public house where the dead woman and the suspect had spent the evening of her death. The suspect had bought a quart of beer before he left. People were found who had seen him with the bottle in his pocket on the road between the public house and the scene of the death.

It seemed a strong enough case, but the jury disagreed at the suspect's first trial, and when a new jury was empanelled, they found him not guilty. A man cannot, of course, be tried again in British law for the same offence when a verdict has already been given. Our suspect was quite safe, therefore, when a week after his acquittal he admitted having killed the woman, but said that he was drunk at the time.

His confession made him a welcome guest at every public house in the town. Customers thronged to see him, and he was such an attraction that publicans were happy to supply him with all the beer he could drink. Then his popularity began to wane, and he evidently considered it time to renew the attraction by killing somebody else. This time the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter, and he served seven years' penal servitude. When I last heard of him he was in the best of health.

If this kind of thing happened too often, or if there were a suspicion that sentences, once passed, were being altered without sufficient reason, there would be a strong temptation for the police to execute their own rough justice. This has happened in other countries, and no doubt it could happen in Britain if the law and its execution began to fall into disrepute. For

Brian Hume, free after serving eight years in prison for being an accessory after the fact in the Setty case. He had been acquitted on a murder charge

John George Haigh said he had dissolved his victim's body in an acid bath. "No trace can ever be found." But it was a rash boast . . .

When Marshal Tito visited Britain in 1953, he was provided with an escort of sixteen policemen on motor-cycles. But for appearances in public of members of the Royal Family, such as Prince Charles (right), heavy protection is not thought necessary

this reason the Home Secretary, though he has power to vary sentences, seldom intervenes except in cases of murder when capital punishment is under debate in the House of Commons, or on the rare occasions when injustice has manifestly been done.

Because they have this confidence in the execution of the law, the British police are prepared to accept limitations which, to some of their colleagues in countries overseas, seem tantamount to working with one hand tied behind their backs and both ankles strapped together.

Now and again, for instance, there is an outcry because the police have wrongfully arrested some innocent party. This is perfectly proper. Obviously the police cannot be allowed to go about arresting whom they please. But it must also be remembered that unless they are to show no initiative at all and to make an arrest only in a case where they have literally seen the knife go in, these occasional mishaps are bound to occur.

The Judges' Rules, of which the public is largely unaware, lay down that whenever a police officer has made up his mind to charge a person with crime, he must caution the suspect that anything he says will be taken down and may be used in evidence. A man taken into custody may not be questioned at all until this caution has been administered. If a prisoner wishes to volunteer a statement, he must first be cautioned, and he cannot be cross-examined on his statement or asked any questions except to clarify what he has actually said.

One of the first lines of defence in an otherwise hopeless case is to attack the methods by which the police obtained an incriminating statement, or to suggest that it was made under unfair pressure. In fact, the Judges' Rules are so much a part of the detective's training that it is a very rare thing for him to disregard them. Working within them, the British police have learned that so-called third degree methods of concentrated questioning mixed with violence are quite unnecessary in order to get at the truth.

The British method is to give chummy—"chummy," to the police, is any lay person, criminal or innocent, with whom they happen to be dealing at the time—a nice, strong cup of tea with plenty of sugar in it, express sympathy for his plight, and try by every means to get his confidence. Most suspects, especially those new to the game or being questioned about a serious crime like murder, are only too eager to confide in somebody, and if the questioning policeman shows himself a decent chap, anxious to be fair, he will quite often be the confidant.

But he has to keep his wits about him, and remember every detail of what he has been told. We had pulled in a suspected housebreaker once, and were questioning him, when he managed to escape. We had not had this man in our hands before, and nobody knew where to look for him.

One of the detectives, however, racking his brains, and no doubt inspired by the thought of what the Assistant Commissioner would say when he heard about the escape, remembered that the man had said that he had served in the army, in a certain county regiment. Grasping at the slenderest chance, he telephoned the regimental headquarters and asked if they had any record of the man.

It so happened that they had. The man had written some time before to complain about his pension, and had given an address in North London.

A SQUAD of detectives set out for the address, and arrived to find no suspect, but a room full of stolen property, much more than that concerned in the case for which the suspect had been pulled in. There was also a cat in the room. In the excitement of the discovery the cat was allowed to escape, and sat down in the road outside. The detectives quickly realized that if their man arrived to see his cat in the street, he would know his room had been opened and that unwelcome guests awaited him.

Anyone looking might then have seen a number of big, heavy men edging gently forward laying trails of sardines and calling, "Pussy, pussy" without the slightest effect. Later, however, the cat was caught; so was the man, and a number of housebreaking cases were satisfactorily cleared up. But if that detective had not gained the suspect's confidence enough to get the name of his regiment, they would have remained in police statistics as unsolved crimes.

The social contract of the law is really an issue of confidence. The police must believe that the suspects they catch will be fairly dealt with, and the public must regard a law as fair and reasonable. If they do, they will be prepared to obey it, and back up the police in enforcing it. If the law is regarded as having lost touch with public opinion—if it seems, in other words, an ass—police enforcement will not have public backing, and the law will be almost unenforceable, as in the case of street bookmaking, or the attempts to keep the crowded streets of Central London clear of parked cars. For this reason nobody dislikes an unenforceable law more than the police, for it is they who incur the odium which more properly belongs to those who make the laws. And if the public regard the police as enemies, to be hindered and tripped up in every possible way, a situation can arise where all law falls into contempt. There was something approaching this state in America during the prohibition era, when the gin-running gangster was almost a national hero and the policeman who tried to enforce the law by stopping him became very nearly the villain of the piece.

Because this confidence between police and public is of such fundamental importance, they take great pains at Scotland Yard to foster it. Shortly after the war, for example, the police heard that a number of people with criminal records were being blackmailed by men describing themselves as police officers, who threatened trouble if they were not squared. It is easy for someone to pose as a plain-clothes detective to carry out blackmail. The blackmailed man dare not go to the police because of his record and because he suspects that the police are all in the plot. But he will talk loudly about his complaint, and it only needs a few stories of this kind to reach the general public for there to be wholesale rumours of police corruption, with consequent loss of confidence.

What the police had to find out was whether the blackmailers were genuine policemen or not. I therefore formed an irregular squad (which the newspapers, when they heard of it, promptly christened the Ghost Squad) of plain-clothes detectives unknown in the areas in which they were to work, who could pose as members of the underworld and bring back the information we wanted. As the police suspected, the blackmailers were not genuine policemen and after the Ghost Squad detectives had obtained sufficient information to make a number of arrests, that particular trouble stopped.

On the whole, the British public do maintain confidence in their police, and vice versa. Anyone who saw the law-abiding crowds at the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, with one policeman controlling perhaps fifty yards of street packed with cheering and excited humanity, must have marvelled. The President of the United States, when he travels in public, has an escort of

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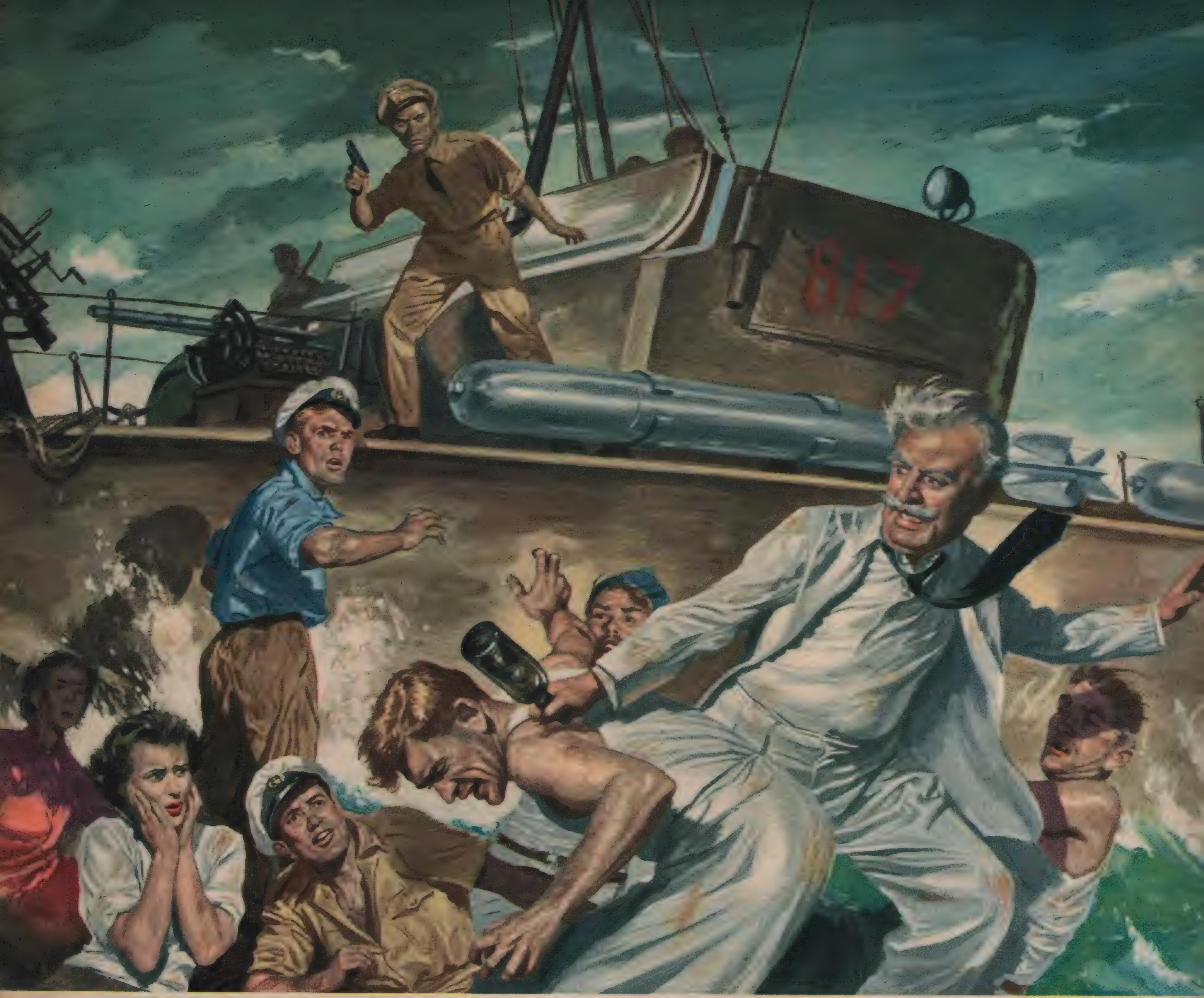

The Jap officer turned suddenly, pistol at the ready, as Farnholme sprang at Van Effen and brought the heavy bottle crashing down

South by Java Head

by ALISTAIR MACLEAN

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Helpless, the fugitives sailed into the trap. Only Farnholme's desperate courage could save them now

THE lifeboat lay motionless on the mirror of the sea. Darkness, when it came, brought little relief to the twenty emaciated, sun-blackened survivors—the flotsam of war adrift in the Java Sea. . . . John Nicolson, sitting erect in the sternsheets, thought that many of them would die before the next sunset. Apart from himself only the bos'n, McKinnon, and Brigadier Farnholme seemed to have any energy left. Farnholme, for a man of his age, was magnificent. The more circumstances deteriorated the better he became.

Nicolson, chief officer of the ill-fated tanker Viroma—sunk several days ago—did not know that Farnholme was a British agent carrying papers vital to the Allied cause.

Farnholme had got out of Singapore, shortly before its surrender, aboard a dilapidated little steamer, the Kerry Dancer.

Japanese bombers had sent her to the bottom but the Viroma had arrived in time to rescue her passengers.

Besides Farnholme they had picked up an English spinster, Miss Plenderleith; a small English boy; an enigmatic Dutchman, Van Effen; a Muslim holy man; and a beautiful Eurasian nurse, Gudrun Drachmann. They had also rescued the Kerry Dancer's pro-Japanese skipper, Siran, and some of his crew.

The Viroma was sunk the following day, but they escaped in the lifeboat. And now, after eluding Japanese pursuit, they were becalmed, desperately short of water, and facing a slow death. . . .

Dawn came. Nicolson shook off his drowsiness, remembering that he was in charge. Captain Findhorn, badly wounded, was in a coma. . . . And then there came a sudden, startled cry from the bows. Nicolson, jumping over the thwarts, raced forward to find out the trouble.

Ahmed, the Muslim, was lying on the bottom boards. He was quite dead—had been dead for hours. And the cause of death was a jack-knife buried clear up to the hilt between his shoulders. . . .

PART FOUR

Forty-eight Hours To Death

NICOLSON rose slowly to his feet and drew his forearm across his forehead. It was already hot for the time of the day, but not that hot. His right arm hung loosely by his side, the butt of his revolver was gripped tightly in his hand.

"This man is dead." His quiet voice carried easily in the hushed silence. "He has a knife in his back. Somebody in this boat murdered him."

"Dead!" Farnholme's face wasn't pleasant as he pushed for'ard and knelt at the Muslim's side. "He's dead all right. Give me that gun, Nicolson. I know who did it."

"Sorry, Brigadier." Nicolson held him off. "I can't let you take the law into your own hands. Who did it?"

"Siran, of course!" Farnholme was back on balance again, but there was no masking the cold rage in his eyes. "Look at the damn murdering hound, sitting there smirking."

"Why Siran, Brigadier?"

"Ahmed was facing aft, wasn't he? And he was stabbed in the back. So somebody in the front of the boat did it—and the only person farther for'ard than Ahmed was Siran."

"Our friend is overwrought," Siran said. "Too many days in an open boat can do terrible things to a man."

Farnholme clenched his fists and started for'ard, but Nicolson and McKinnon caught him by the arms.

"Don't be a fool," Nicolson said roughly. "We can't have fighting in a small boat like this."

"Ahmed's bag is gone, Nicolson," Farnholme said. "They killed him, took his bag and flung it over the side." Farnholme was breathing heavily.

"How about the rest of it?"

"How about the rest of what?"

"You know quite well. They didn't kill him just for the exercise. What was their reason?"

Just for a moment something flickered far back in Farnholme's eyes, a faint shadow of expression that seemed to be reflected in the sudden tense tightening of Siran's mouth, almost as if the two men were exchanging a guarded look.

Then Farnholme looked away and stared down at the dead man at his feet. "Ahmed's real name was Jan Bekker," he said. "He was some kind of agent for the Dutch Government. Some weeks ago he managed to get hold of the complete list of Japanese agents in India, Burma, Malaya and the East Indies.

"He carried it in his bag, and it would have been worth a fortune to the Allies. The Japs knew he had it, and they put a fantastic price on his head—dead or alive—and offered a similar reward for the return or destruction of the list.

"He told me all this himself. Somehow or other Siran knew it too, and that's what he's been after. He's earned his money, but I swear before God he'll never live to collect."

"And that's why Bekker was disguised?"

"It was my idea," Farnholme said heavily. "I thought I was being very, very clever. A renegade whisky-drinking priest is an object of contempt and everybody shuns him. I tried as best I could to be the kind of dissolute drinking companion a man like that would have. We weren't clever enough."

"That's why the Japs have been at such pains to get us?"

"Heavens above, man, surely it's all obvious enough now." Farnholme shook his head impatiently, then looked again at Siran. "I don't want you to have any blood on your hands, Nicolson. Give me your gun."

"Even Siran is entitled to a trial." Nicolson said. "Get back to your seat, Brigadier, please. Bos'n, get some rope and do a job on this character. It doesn't matter if the knots are a bit tight."

Siran raised his eyebrows. "And what if I refuse to subject myself to this treatment?"

"Suit yourself," Nicolson said indifferently. "The brigadier can have the gun. . . ."

McKinnon made a very thorough job of immobilizing Siran, and took a great deal of grim satisfaction in hauling the ropes tight. His work done, he came aft and sat down beside Nicolson.

"It's a desperate long way to Darwin, sir," he said.

Nicolson lifted his shoulders in a half-shrug and smiled: but his face was dark with worry. "You, too, Bos'n? Maybe my judgment was wrong. I'm sure that Siran will never stand trial. But I can't kill him, not yet."

"He's just waiting his chance, sir." McKinnon was as worried as Nicolson. "A killer. You heard the brigadier's story."

"That's the trouble. I did hear his story." Nicolson nodded heavily, looked at Farnholme, glanced at McKinnon and then stared down at his hands. "I didn't believe a damn single word he said. He was lying all the way. . . ."

ABOVE the eastern horizon the sun wheeled like a great burning ball. Inside an hour nearly all talk was stopped and people were crawling back into their shells, each alone with his own private hell of thirst and pain.

Slowly Nicolson's gaze travelled round the boat. There wasn't much change from yesterday that he could see, except that everybody seemed just that much weaker, that much more exhausted, than they had been. Forty-eight hours more and most of them would be dead.

On the credit side, the only cheering item was the captain's health. He had come out of his coma just after dawn and now, sitting on a cross seat and wedged between a thwart and bench, he seemed determined not to lose consciousness again.

Midday came and went, and the heat grew even more intense. The boat now was as soundless as it was lifeless. Then, just after three o'clock in the afternoon, came the sudden change.

It was McKinnon who noticed it first. He dug his fingers into Nicolson's arm and shook him awake. "Wind!" His voice was only a faint, cracked whisper.

Nicolson, exactly as McKinnon had done, stared away to the north and west and then, for the first and only time in his life, thumped the grinning bos'n on the back. "Wind, McKinnon! And cloud! Can you see it?"

"I can see it, sir. No doubt about it at all. Coming our way, all right."

Nicolson shook the sleeping nurse beside him by the shoulder. "Gudrun!"

She opened her eyes and looked up at him. "What is it, Johnny?"

Nicolson was grinning with delight. "Want to see the most wonderful sight anybody ever saw? A rain-cloud! A wonderful, wonderful rain-cloud!"

The effect on the entire boat's company was astonishing, the transformation almost beyond belief. Within two minutes everybody was wide awake, twisted round and staring eagerly towards the north-west. The cloud was getting bigger and darker all the time, and it had all their attention.

Twenty minutes later the sea was no longer blue but churned to a milky, frothing white as the sheets of driving, torrential rain swept across it from horizon to horizon. . . .

Close on three hours passed, and it was about the time of sundown. It was impossible to see the sun, for the rain-squalls still marched successively south. The rain still fell, still swept across the unprotected boat, but nobody cared. They were happy because they had slaked their terrible thirsts and drunk their fill; because the rain cooled down their burns and blistered skins; because they had managed to funnel over four gallons of fresh rainwater into one of the tanks. They were happy because the lifeboat, driven by the spanking breeze, was now steadily nearing the coast of western Java.

Then, a little later, their happiness mounted almost to delirium, because a miracle happened and their troubles were over at last.

It was, as usual, McKinnon who saw it first, a long, low shape through a distant gap in the rain-squalls, just over two miles away. It was Nicolson who at first incredulously identified it; then

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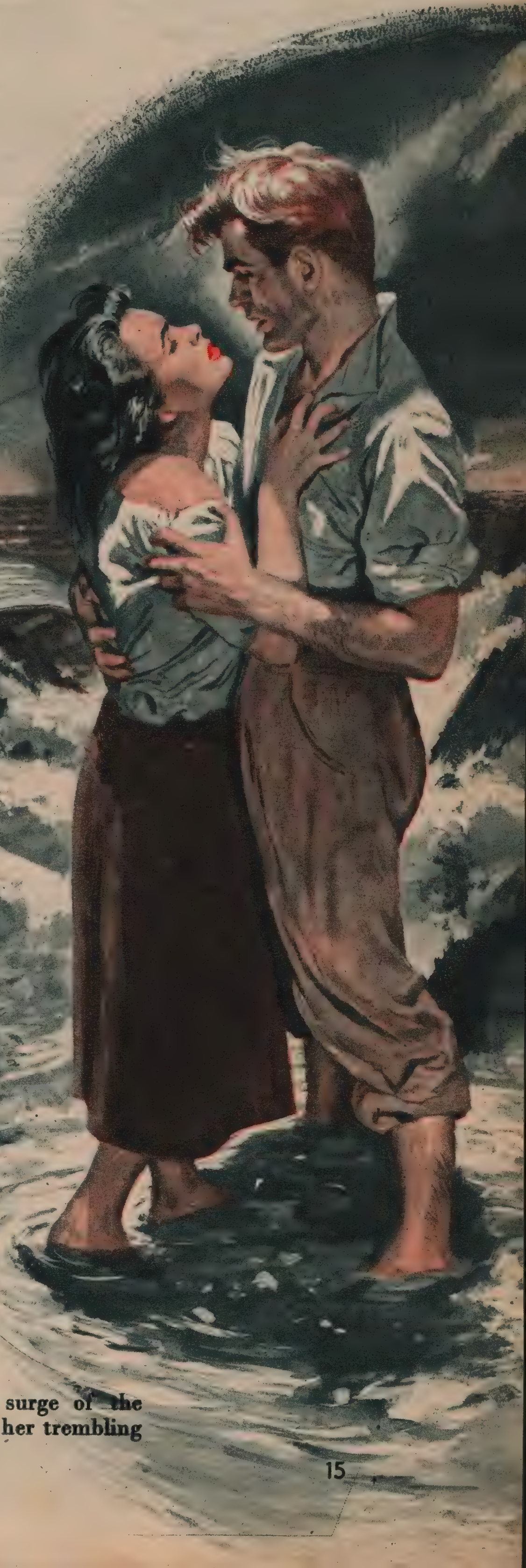


Nicolson held her close, bracing them both against the surge of the sea. "Johnny! Oh, Johnny!" she sobbed, and he could feel her trembling

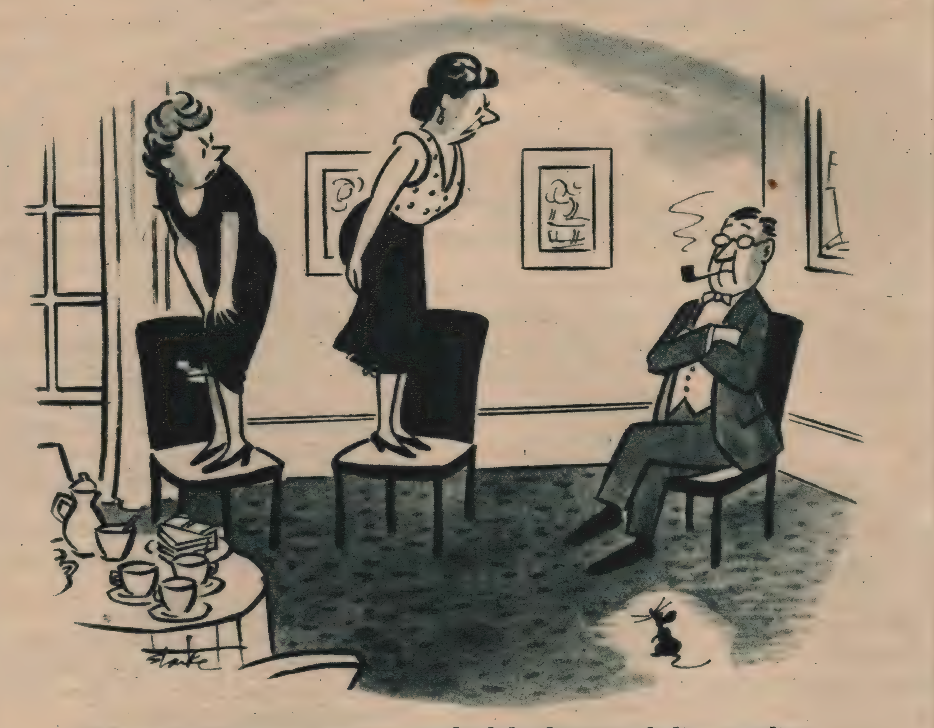
IN SHORT

Urgent Appeal

Don't think that what you see
Is all there is to me.
My awkward little grin
Conceals the charm within.
My features are unkind;
They mask an able mind.
To look at them you'd never
Imagine I was clever.
Nor would you ever guess
I was a wit, no less.
My eyes so blank and cold
Belie my heart of gold.
Nor do my thin lips prove
That I was made for love.

R. G. G. PRICE

Starke's Guide To Good Manners



"For a gentleman to remain seated while there are ladies standing in the same room is indeed a grievous breach of correct etiquette"

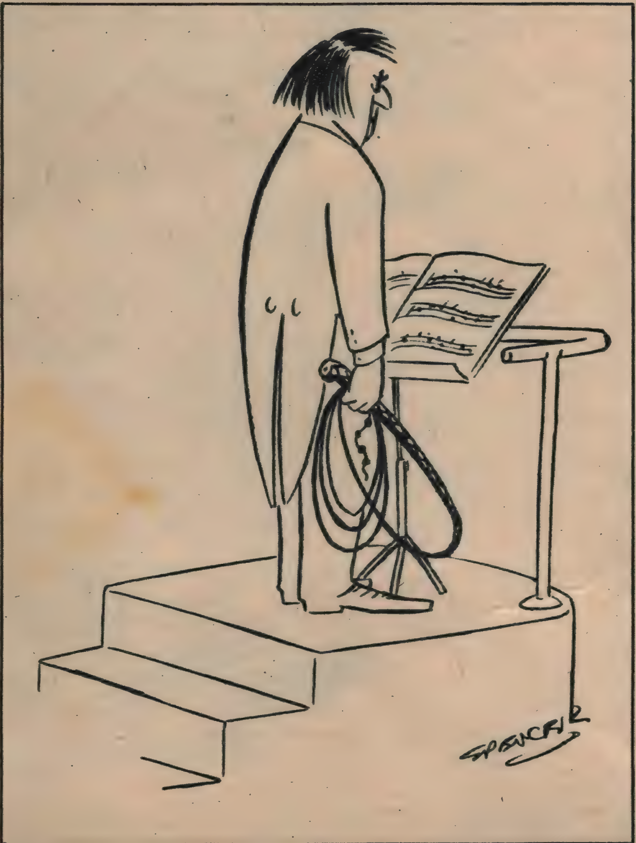
My Favourite Gag

A man broke into a flat one night, and murdered the old woman who disturbed him. But, when he ransacked the place, he only found threepence for his trouble.

At his trial the judge, passing sentence, asked him whether he wasn't thoroughly ashamed of having committed such a terrible crime for the sake of so paltry a sum.

"Oh, I dunno, guv'nor," the man replied. "Threepence here, threepence there—it soon mounts up."

> VIC OLIVER says: "I particularly like this one because it's so grossly incongruous. Exaggerations in humour and fictional stories, which can never remotely be conceived in real life, always make the funniest jokes."



Mother-in-Law

Isn't it nice that Granny is coming to stay?

Terrific.

Will you be papering the spare room?

I expect so.

Granny said it needed doing last time, didn't she?

Yes.

How does Granny always know something needs doing before you do?

I wouldn't know.

Do you think she'll bring you another tie?

It's very possible.

You haven't worn the last one much, have you? I said you haven't worn——

I'll wear it when we go to meet her.

I hope the car doesn't break down. Wasn't Granny funny about it last time?

Very funny.

And when you nearly fell over with her case. Was it very heavy?

Yes.

Do you think she meant it about taking more exercise?

Probably.

Does Granny take a lot of exercise?

Only on her broomstick.

She does sweep up a lot, doesn't she?

Yes.

Doesn't Granny hate untidiness?

There are a lot of things Granny doesn't like.

Yes, like loafers. What are loafers, Daddy? I said what are——

LIONEL DAVIDSON

Other People's Letters

Dear Senior Censor: In a desultory conversation on a point connected with the dinner at our high table, you incidentally remarked to me that lobster-sauce, "though a necessary adjunct to turbot, was not entirely wholesome."

It is entirely unwholesome. I never ask for it without reluctance: I never take a second spoonful without a feeling of apprehension on the subject of possible nightmare. This naturally brings me to the subject of Mathematics, and of the accommodation provided by the University for carrying on the calculations necessary in that important branch of science. . . .

It may be sufficient for the present to enumerate the following requisites; others might be added as funds permitted.

A. A very large room for calculating Greatest Common Measure. To this a small one might be attached for Least Common Multiple. . . .

B. A piece of open ground for keeping Roots and practising their extraction: it would be advisable to keep Square Roots by themselves, as their corners are apt to damage others.

C. A room for reducing Fractions to their Lowest Terms. This should be provided with a cellar for keeping the Lowest Terms when found, which might also be available to the general body of undergraduates, for the purpose of "keeping Terms."

D. A large room, which might be darkened, and fitted up with a magic lantern, for the purpose of exhibiting Circulating Decimals in the act of circulation. This might also contain cupboards, fitted with glass-doors, for keeping the various Scales of Notation.

E. A narrow strip of ground, railed off and carefully levelled, for investigating the properties of Asymptotes, and testing practically whether Parallel Lines meet or not: for this purpose it should reach, to use the expressive language of Euclid, "ever so far."

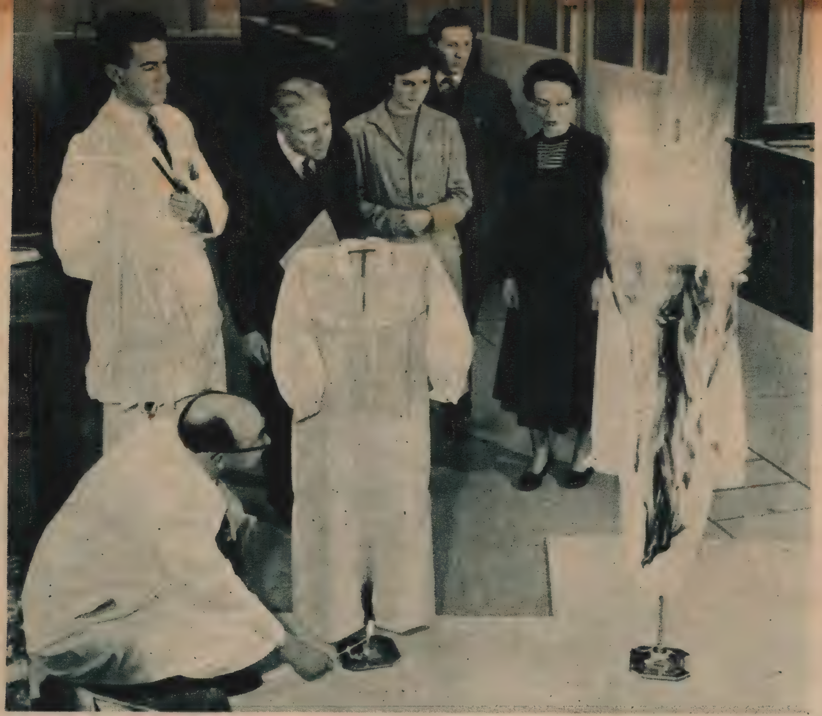
Who wrote this letter? See foot of column.

Shaggy-dog Story

He has to be trained,
He has to be fed,
He has to be washed,
He has to be led.
He has to be combed
And worked on with shears,
He has to have cockleburs
Plucked from his ears.
"Look out for the dog,"
The sign on our door,
Isn't meant as a warning,
It's meant as a chore.

RICHARD ARMOUR

The letter above was written by the Rev. Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll).



A lighted taper held under a chemically-treated nightdress fails to set it on fire. The untreated garment on the right burst into flames

John Perfect shows his family how easily fabric can catch fire. His boys now wear flame-resistant pyjamas. "At last we feel safe," he says

Are your children safe by the fire?

by RENÉ LECLER

They can be—for science can now make fabrics defy flame. But many parents don't seem to care

EVERYONE agreed that twelve-year-old Susan was a real "little mother" to her five-year-old sister Paula and two-year-old Charles. In the quiet, semi-detached family house in Handsworth, Birmingham, she often looked after them while her mother went shopping. That Sunday night last autumn when her parents went off to church, Susan was in the kitchen, filling hot-water bottles. In the lounge next door television was on; Paula and Charles, in their nightclothes, played in front of the fire.

It was Paula's single agonized scream that sent Susan rushing into the room. The little girl had pulled away the fireguard "to warm her doll" and her nightdress had caught fire.

Maddened by fear and pain she ran from room to room. The draught fanned the flames. Within a few seconds a neighbour who had promised to "listen in" rushed through the back door, caught hold of the child and rolled her into a curtain. Severely shocked, Paula began to shiver. All along the quiet suburban road front windows lit up. Someone telephoned for the police and an ambulance.

Dr. John Prince Bull, director of the Burns Research Unit at Birmingham's Accident Hospital, was dining quietly at his home when his telephone rang and he was told of Paula's accident. He drove to the hospital. Within twenty-eight minutes of Paula's first scream he was examining her in a special ward; forty-five per cent of her body surface had been severely burned. Her legs, thighs, lower trunk and one arm were affected.

Fortunately, woollen underclothing had protected her stomach and chest. Her face was untouched. He ordered the start of forty-eight hours of continuous blood and plasma transfusion. Paula's chances of survival were about even.

Later that night Dr. Bull sat at his desk fingering the charred remnants of Paula's nightdress. It was of blue winceyette, with pink flowers on it and an embroidered "P" on the front. The material was of a type which had already been successfully treated with several flame-resistant processes. But Paula's nightdress had had no such treatment.

When Dr. Bull cut a fifty-inch strip from the back and set fire to it, the entire length of material disappeared in just under fifteen seconds.

Dr. Bull then carefully gathered the pieces of material left over and dropped them into a large brown envelope addressed to Dennis Lawson, assistant director of the Joint Fire Research Organization at Boreham Wood, Hertfordshire.

He began filling in the long questionnaire on the back of the envelope. How old was the wearer? How did the accident happen? At what time of day? In which part of the house? What kind of fire was involved? Did it have a guard? Were adults present? How extensive was the burn?

In the long battle to make the clothes of Britain's children safe from fire, Paula's little blue nightdress was beginning to play its part.

Every year 750 people die from burns in Britain. Just over four hundred lose their lives because their clothes catch fire—twice as many as die from poliomyelitis in the same period. More than 250 of the victims are small children, mostly girls who wear the pretty, loose-fitting garments which mothers seem to find so attractive.

The total number of burning accidents has never been recorded, but official estimates show that it may run into many thousands. In Britain today there are 126,000 people who, at one time in their life, have been taken to hospital because their clothes caught fire.

Clothing burns are by far the most severe. Michael Tempest, registrar in plastic surgery at Chepstow's St. Lawrence Hospital, found that of twenty-five recent deaths due to domestic burns, twenty-two were due to clothing catching fire. The average clothing burn takes twice as long to treat as any other burn—about fifty days in hospital.

Despite great progress in medical shock treatments and plastic surgery, a healthy child with fifty per cent of its body surface burned still stands only an even chance of survival. In an elderly person the same burn area automatically means death.

"Statistics rarely tell the whole story," says Dr. Bull. "In Paula's case she went into a coma after about twenty-four hours as the entire chemistry of her body had been upset. We had to wait three weeks before attempting the first grafting operation."

Paula's treatment lasted ten weeks. After three months she went back to school. Every two or three years she will have to re-enter hospital so that surgeons may attend to contractures caused by the growth of her limbs. She will be visiting hospital until she is fully grown.

To Dennis Lawson and his team of research workers at Boreham Wood, Paula's nightdress was just one more piece in a scientific jigsaw puzzle; eventually it might help to find a way out of the terrible combination of Britain's open fires, the human element and inflammable clothes.

Tests with hundreds of other textiles have enabled Lawson to devise a flame-resistance rating by stopwatching the progress of a flame up one hundred inches of material held vertically. By this method Paula's nightdress had a rating of thirty—it took thirty seconds to burn one hundred inches of it.

With the co-operation of the British Standards Institution and textile manufacturers, Lawson hopes to devise a safety standard which, printed on all garments, will help parents to choose between safe and not-so-safe materials.

"But," he says, "we are a long way off. It is no good saying that we should ban winceyettes because they catch fire easily. Often they can't be replaced by other materials. We must try to

Continued on page 31

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

The loyalty of Private Mould

by HAROLD MEAD

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

This harmless little bear was his best friend. Now it had to die . . . and I had to be its executioner

WHEN I first met him, Mould was a private in a British infantry battalion, serving in India. He was in the transport section, driving a mule cart; one of those two-wheeled, springless affairs that would get a load over almost any sort of country, and jolt your teeth out into the bargain.

All I knew about Mould was what his documents said, and what I observed. He wasn't a communicative man, not even to his fellow-soldiers. Sykes, my transport sergeant, said of him once: "Mould's all right. I reckon he thinks like a mule. That Tiddy's his best friend. We could do with more like Mould in the section." Coming from Sykes, who rated men below mules in the social scale, that was high praise.

Tiddy was a mule, a real devil of a mule, who had disorganized more battalion parades than most, and who could be guaranteed to try to kick the red tabs off any inspecting officer who went near him. But Tiddy would nuzzle for sugar inside Mould's shirt, hairy chest and all, while Mould pulled his ears. Normally you leave mules' ears alone, if you know about them.

As transport officer, my fear was that Mould might go sick, and that I'd have to find Tiddy another driver. There would be no volunteers for that job.

Mould was with the battalion when we made a routine move to a small hill station, at the beginning of the hot weather. For two days the troops marched across the plains in a great cloud of white dust that was visible miles away. But the transport moved ahead of the column at its own pace; and I enjoyed jogging along, with the straight, white road between my pony's ears, and the foothills of the Himalayas all along the distant horizon, like cut-outs in grey paper.

On the third day, black rocks humped out of the ground like whales surfacing, and the road began to climb, with a green wall of jungle on either side of it, and a river, black boulders and white water, below. The valley embraced the heat and held it close, and the men's shirts were dark with sweat.

But we kept climbing and four days later, when we left camp well before daybreak, we were wearing greatcoats and my teeth were chattering. The wind brought the scent of pine trees and the chill of the snows. There was starlight and a black sky, and blacker mountain masses all about us, and the road hanging on to the edge of nothing.

Watching my pony's head nodding in the darkness, I fell nine-tenths asleep in the saddle. When dawn came, I was suddenly wide awake. There were several hundred feet of night below my nearside stirrup, but the sun was lighting up the mountain ridges, all the way to Tibet.

I dropped back to have a look at the column. Now that the sun was warming things up, the men were talkative, and one or two of them asked me when we were going to halt for some tea. Mould, of course, was silent. Not sulky; he never was that. But he drove past me, looking to his front with that quiet expression on his dark face that seemed as if he had thoughts of his own that need not concern anybody else.

Tiddy was going well, pulling his weight as usual; but as soon as he saw me he halted by the roadside. He showed the whites of his eyes and started to throw his head about—just as a matter of principle.

A quarter of a mile behind us, crawling across the face of a bluff that dropped sheer below the road, I could see the carts of the mule-transport company that was attached to us for the move. In that clear light I could see the beard of the Indian officer who commanded them, and the white blaze on his pony's face. Every bush and tree on the opposite side of the valley stood out distinctly, and the sky was a very pure blue.

Sykes was riding at the rear of our column, his moustaches and his pipe clearly visible in the distance. When he came level with me, he removed the pipe and I saw the hard blue of his eyes as he turned his face to me.

"There's a place about a mile ahead," he said. "Bit of flat there and room to get off the road."

"We'll halt then. Come on up."

So we trotted on, past the clatter and jingle of the column. There was a level stretch, as Sykes had said. The road passed over a col at that point, and there were gentle slopes either side of it, and plenty of room.

When I had seen to the animals, I sat down on a rock, with my pony's reins over my arm. The men got the dixie going; and the tea was good and strong and tasted of wood-smoke.

Away to my left a path climbed up to the road from nowhere in particular. I was thinking it was time we moved on when I heard a rattle of loose stones, and the dogs we had with us started barking. Out of the valley there appeared a rather sorry-looking Indian, wearing a dhoti and a ragged khaki coat. He was carrying a tom-tom and leading on a rope an animal which, with the sunlight in my eyes, I thought at first to be a dog. But it wasn't. It was a little bear; a Himalayan bear cub, with a white V on its chest.

Both of them looked tired and the bear cub was limping. But the man braced himself up and came forward and smiled his expectation of payment.

"This very fine bear, *sahib*," he announced. "Very fierce bear. Master give baksheesh; I make him dance for master." And he rattled away on the tom-tom.

By then the dogs were raving, but they were holding back. I walked forward to where the troops were crowding round the bear.

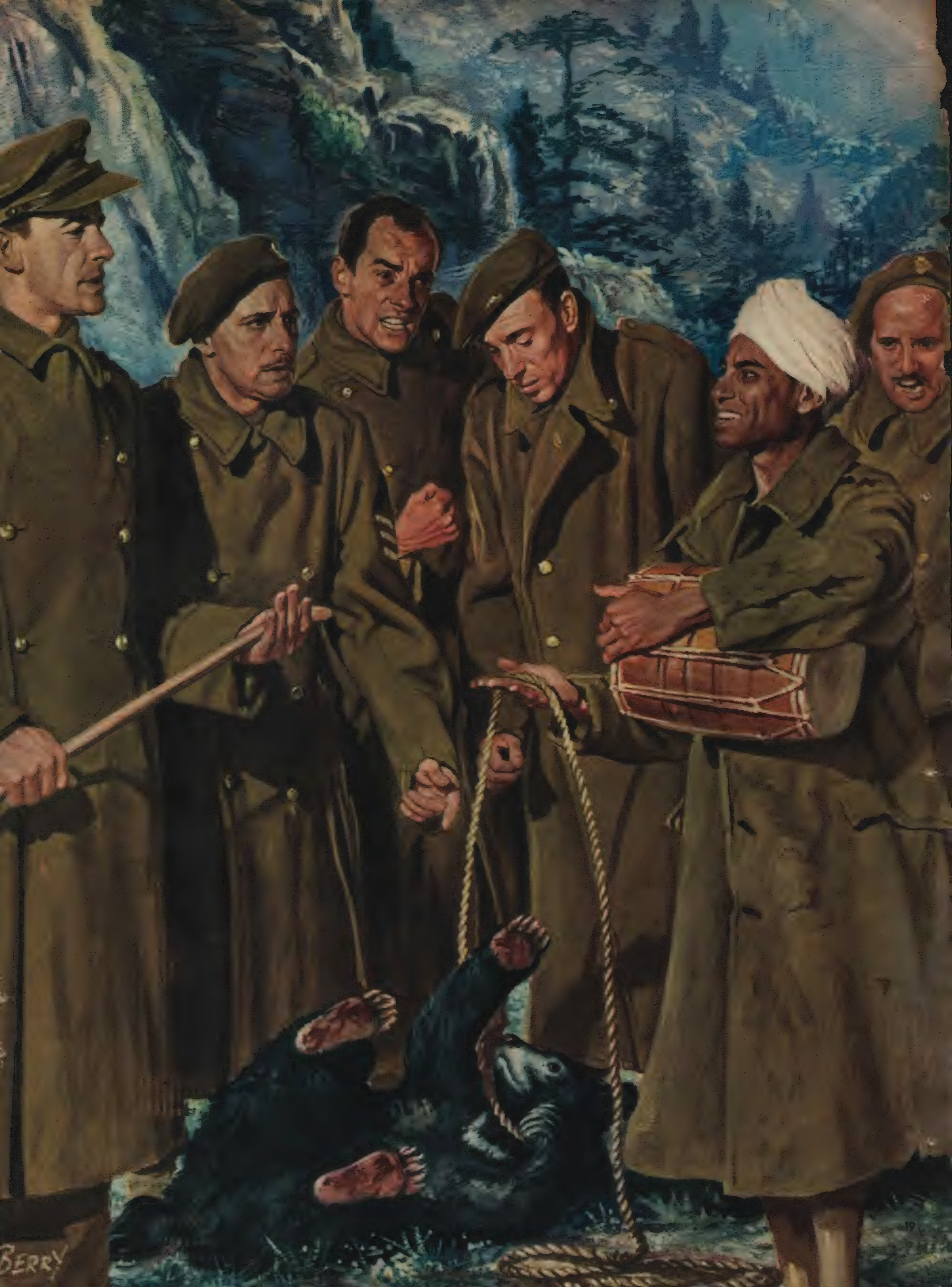
"Where did you get him?" I asked.

His owner looked up with a flash of white teeth. "From jungle, *sahib*. Very far. He wild bear, very fierce." And he pointed vaguely towards the north, where the distant hills were already going hazy.

He wasn't a very prepossessing fellow, with his narrow face

Continued on page 30

The Indian jerked the rope, trying to make the little bear dance. My men began to get angry


BERRY

Barnyard welcome for the lone cowgirl

by ROY HILL

If there's trouble at the old homestead farmers call in Anne Cox. She reaps and mows and quells mad bulls

Farmer Michael Piggins and his wife, of Haslemere, Surrey, find everything in order after their summer holidays. Without Anne it would be impossible for many farming families to go away

Miss Cox carries a two-hundredweight sack of hen food. There's no job on the farm that she is not willing to undertake

A TELEGRAM arrived at the lodgings in Wealdstone, Middlesex, of Miss Anne Cox, travelling farm bailiff. A farmer at Machen, Monmouthshire, had fractured his back. Would Anne go and take charge of his farm?

She started out immediately in her 1936 Morris car. But at Stow-on-the-Wold at 10.30 a.m. the engine seized. Mechanics at a garage said that repairs would take days. "In that case I'll have a new engine," said Miss Cox, "and I want it fixed today."

The engine, ordered from Oxford, arrived at 5.30 p.m. Three hours later Anne paid the bill —£50—and drove on through a thickening fog. She reached the farm next morning, had a brief rest, then worked without a break for twelve hours.

When another farmer fell seriously ill there was nobody to milk his cows. His wife tried for half a day to get in touch with Anne. Wealdstone police traced her to a hairdresser's shop. Two hours later she reached the farm, near Reading, in time to stop a lorry load of twelve dairy shorthorns from moving off. In desperation the farmer was sending them to market to be sold.

Anne had the beasts unloaded and milked them on the spot.

Since 1928, apart from the war years, Anne Cox has organized relief each year for more than a thousand farmers and their wives.

About 98,500 English and Welsh farms vary in size from five to twenty-five acres, and of these seventy-five per cent are worked by one man who, if he is ill, injured, or going on holiday, desperately needs relief labour.

Miss Cox, a powerful woman who is five feet six inches tall and weighs fourteen stones six pounds, goes to farms of all sorts and sizes and tackles most jobs, from milking to hedge cutting. She lives in and takes responsibility for the house, land and farm buildings, livestock and pets, payment of wages and keeping of statistics.

Once she had to wind a score of antique clocks and watches, at specified intervals, while the farmer-owner was on holiday; in the Lake District she chlorinated drinking water in a tower on a farmer's land for use each day in hamlets and farms farther down the dale.

On a farm near Stow-on-the-Wold, on August 9, 1953, she spent an entire day carrying buckets of water from a well to a cattle trough for 160 Friesian bullocks. "I remember the date," she says, "because it was my birthday." She is now fifty-four.

In a heatwave a windmill pumping water into four large storage tanks on the farm had stopped working. The tanks were soon dry, no water carts were available, so Miss Cox cut the rope from a tarpaulin, fixed it to a pair of buckets, slung it round her shoulders and spent the day ferrying water.

By 8 p.m. she was so exhausted that friends who came with carnations for her birthday wanted to call in a doctor. "The next day it rained," says Anne. "When the farmer came back from holiday he turned a single screw and in half a minute the windmill worked."

Miss Cox—blue eyed, with dark brown hair cut short—usually works in slacks and a man's shirt. On a job she takes spare parts for her car (even clutch plates and universal joints), enough clothes to last until she returns to her Wealdstone base—she may be away for six months—her pipe and portable radio and, although she never drinks alcohol, a pint of whisky to dose exhausted or injured animals.

In the last seven years services specializing in relief milking have started up in competition with Miss Cox. One provides milkmaids or men—as well as tractor drivers, farm managers and pig herdsmen—at a maximum fee per man of £11 10s. for a week of fifty-eight hours, plus the cost of board and travel; Miss Cox has a top charge of £8 for running a farm of a hundred acres or more without assistance.

Before going to a turkey farm Miss Cox bought a twelve-bore, double-barrelled shotgun as protection against thieves. She even provides her own hot-water bottles to air beds for clients before they return from holiday. On her books she has sixty farm girls to whom she delegates work in their own locality when her diary is full.

More than a hundred girls a year seek acceptance by Anne. She seldom puts college-trained girls on her list—"most of them don't know what work is."

Girls who satisfy Miss Cox continue to

Continued on page 22

Hazardous Crossing

by F. W. HOLIDAY

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

What a pair of hot-heads! Why, they had been so stubborn that now they were going to drown

When Bill Lourie heard Nurse Gill's voice over the radio-telephone, he winced. Oil and water don't mix—never will do—and the pair had been carrying on a feud for nearly two years. Lourie rather enjoyed it. But at the moment he was worried.

"What do you think's wrong with him?" he asked.

The nurse's voice crackled back: "From what you say, pneumonia, almost certainly. You must keep him warm and quiet. I'll bring somebody to carry him ashore and we'll take him straight up to the hospital in my car."

"Where's Doctor Morgan?"

"Up in the mountains attending a road accident case. But don't worry about that. Your friend will get prompt attention."

"I hope so," Lourie growled. "Don't forget which is the accelerator and which the clutch-pedal." There was an impatient click and the set went dead.

He turned away grinning, then frowned as he looked out at the weather. The sea ran grey and chill along the rocky coast and a swell was coming up. On the surface was a permanent scum of foam. With relief he saw that the hundred-yard causeway—running from lighthouse to shore—was being drenched by only an occasional wave.

The lighthouse at Penblewyn Head was classed as a land station, although everybody in the service knew that this was only a technical quibble. In bad weather it was isolated just as much as Eddystone. In winter the causeway was often hidden under thirty-foot waves.

When Lourie opened the door of the living-quarters the man on the bunk rolled over and smiled faintly. He was a youngster called Kennett—a lad who'd been assistant keeper for a mere six months. It was tough for him to be laid up with sickness during his first winter.

"Hallo, Bill," the boy said, moving his head slowly from side to side. "You're soon back. Did you get through okay?"

Lourie nodded and sat down by the bunk.

"No trouble getting through. The coastguards had me talking to the nurse in no time at all. She's bringing the car and a stretcher party."

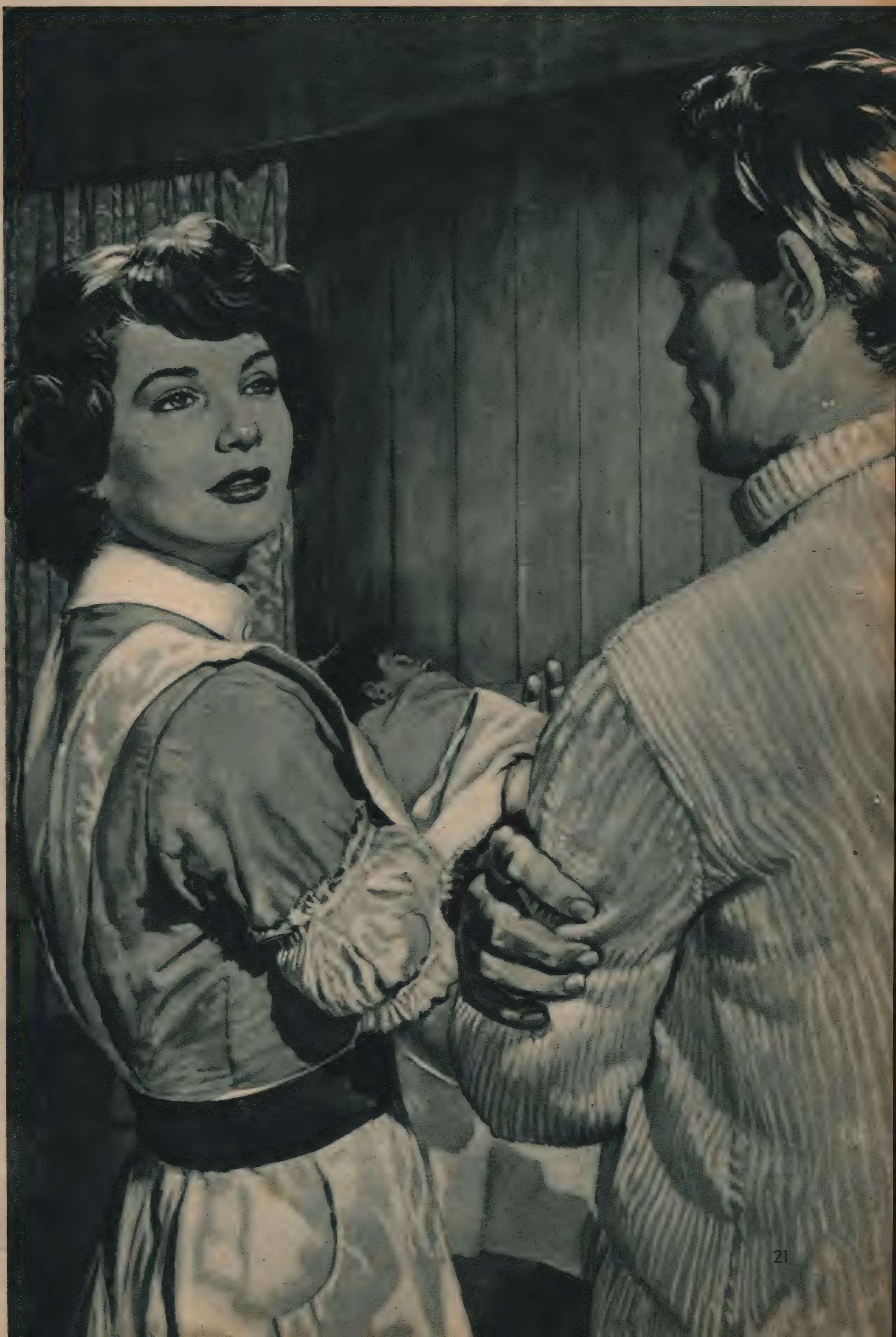
"What does she think . . . is wrong?" Kennett asked. The talking was an effort and he began to cough weakly.

Lourie began to roll a cigarette out of dark tobacco. He lied: "Oh, you know what medical people are like—they tell you nothing definite. It's some sort of flu probably—there's plenty of it about this year."

Kennett was silent and after a few minutes he seemed to drowse off into a coma. Lourie rose and went up to the lamproom.

As he polished the refractors he whistled flatly to himself—a habit when he was uneasy. Long practice enabled him to detect a changed tone to the wind droning round the tower. He glanced down and saw that the causeway was wet with wind-blown spray. If it got no worse there would be nothing to worry about, although at this time of the year the weather continually changed.

Remembering his conversation with the nurse he began to grin faintly. There had been a time, not so long ago, when local gossips wove romance round Janet Gill and himself. A thirty-five year



Janet turned to Lourie. "I've done all I can," she said. "But we shall have to get him ashore as quickly as possible"

old bachelor and a good-looking young woman obviously had things in common.

Matchmakers sending out invitations to parties and local functions had often paired them off, but the only result had been a series of more or less dynamic encounters. He was stubborn and Janet Gill was stubborn. That was the trouble.

She ought to be in sight if they set out right after the phone call, he thought. Putting the cleaning-tissue away he went over to look through the big curved window. The shore looked as black and desolate as a moon landscape. A greeny-black cormorant flew past, sleek and evil-looking.

Then he saw figures—away over in the V-shaped gap where the path cut down through the cliffs. Hurrying downstairs he slipped into his oilskins; then he unclipped the steel door at the foot of the lighthouse.

PLENTY of water was spraying over the causeway but not enough to make it impassable. The tide, he decided, was at about half water and rising. Going down the half a dozen stone steps he went briskly between the two safety-chains which were carried from lighthouse to shore on battens driven into the rock. Dodging the spray he reached the beach.

There were three of them—Janet Gill and two men from the village who were always willing to do odd jobs. The nurse's face looked small and pale against her black oilskin coat. Lourie nodded at the men who were carrying a rolled-up stretcher. Everybody looked at the causeway.

"It's wet but not dangerous," Lourie explained to the stretcher-bearers. "Dodge the waves and keep between the chains and you'll be all right."

The nurse stared round as if horrified. "I'd no idea it was like this. You mean you propose carrying a man sick with pneumonia along a thing like that? He'll be soaked with sea-water."

Lourie said: "I don't think he'll get very wet. I've got an oilskin sheet to throw over the stretcher and I'll go with these chaps to make sure they dodge the waves."

Their eyes met and Lourie saw the nurse's jaw creep out stubbornly. "Can you guarantee, absolutely, to keep the stretcher bone dry?"

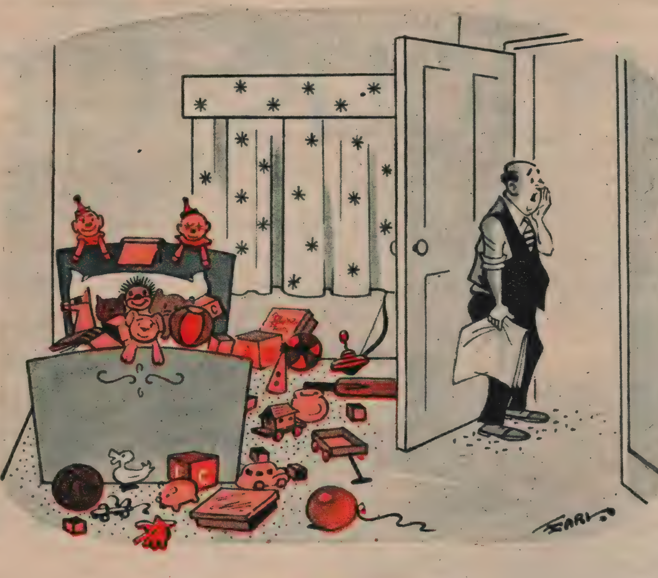
Lourie shrugged angrily. "All right, then what do you propose to do? You'd better make it sharp because the tide's rising."

Janet Gill tucked her medical bag under one arm. "I'm going across. I'll make my own diagnosis. And if it *is* pneumonia I'll administer penicillin. We'll get him ashore just as soon as the weather moderates."

"That may be days," Lourie argued. "It isn't really very rough."

"I can't risk soaking the patient. We'll have to take a chance."

Lourie nodded unwillingly. Leaving the stretcher-bearers to make their way home, he followed her back across the causeway. Inside the lighthouse he helped her to remove her oilskins and sou'wester.



"I think he's asleep, dear"

Her uniform looked unexpectedly clean and neat, and when she shook out her mass of dark hair he swallowed dryly. Why did they always have to fight?

The medical ritual took some twenty minutes. Lourie hovered in the doorway trying to be helpful. Janet ignored him while she attended to Kennett. After injecting the penicillin her hands moved around with solicitous gentleness—wiping his face, straightening his pillows and getting him a drink. Lourie found it an agony to watch. He began to wish that it was he who had got pneumonia.

Over her shoulder Janet said: "Well, that job's finished. Now we're away again."

She stood up, putting things into her bag, then turned to Lourie. "I've done all I can," she said quietly. "But we shall have to get him ashore as quickly as possible.'

When they were outside Lourie startled himself by saying: "Janet. . . ." The sound was lost in the stiff rustling of her oilskins as she slipped them on.

Handing him a tube of drugs she gave him some instructions about looking after the patient. Lourie found it hard to pay attention. He was thinking, instead, of the state of the causeway.

"You'd better wait while I skip out to the lamphouse and see what the path's like," he suggested. "If the tide's risen too much you may have to wait until it turns."

She paused from putting on her sou'wester. "But that means waiting hours. That's impossible. I've got other calls to make."

"Sorry," he said doggedly. "But that's the way it is. I won't let you risk your neck. I'm in charge here and if I decide. . . ."

It was enough. It was more than enough. He wished, then, that he could have bitten his tongue out. Before he could speak again she had opened the steel door and stepped outside.

He threw himself forward thinking to stop her by force but she was already down the steps. He stood in the doorway for a moment, paralysed. The tide had risen steeply and each single sea was breaking the full length of the causeway.

From here on the lighthouse things didn't look too bad. From time to time the path came into view. But Lourie knew that these seas were different from the ones they had dodged earlier. This was dangerous water thundering down with the weight of tons—not simply heavy spray.

"Janet!" he yelled. "Wait. . . ."

Running down the steps and slipping on the bunched bladder-wrack he had a job to keep his balance. He saw that she was already twenty yards across the causeway. He ran forward, watching the turbulent water out of the tail of his eye. It was swinging down—steep, hissing and green. The next moment it was coming up and he grabbed the chain with both arms. The water exploded level, burst upwards in foaming geysers, then struck him in the chest.

He emerged spluttering. The wave had been a small one—even so, his arms felt as though he'd been hanging on the back of a speeding truck. He shook the water out of his eyes, teeth chattering, and looked ahead. Janet was half-lying, clutching the chain. She would never get across. And she would never get back either unless he brought her back.

He waited till the causeway tumbled itself clear of water before he ran. It was quite a short dash. Finally he got his arm round her.

"Back, for Pete's sake, or we've had it," he panted. "The tide's still rising."

Janet clung to him without a word. She looked dazed and he wasn't surprised at that—he felt dazed himself. Clutching each other they tottered a few yards before Lourie yelled a warning. The sea rose, reaching with liquid claws.

With one arm round Janet and both fists round the chain Lourie felt that the situation was totally unreal. The thunder of the sea seemed to vibrate through his bones. As the water stood over his head, deeper and still deeper, he felt his ears click with the pressure. Both of them were suspended horizontally from the chain in a monstrous gush of icy water.

After hours—it seemed—the pressure eased and Lourie kicked at the rock with weak heels. Sullenly, the top of the causeway began to drain itself. There was a moment's lull. They staggered towards the steps. . . .

WHEN the door clanged shut behind them for the second time Lourie leaned against it feeling quite spent. As Janet freed her hand from his he was aware that she was trembling—with shock as much as with cold. Luckily he had a good stock of warm clothing in his locker and while she put on slacks and a sweater he mixed tea and rum.

After putting on some dry things himself he went to find her. She was in the lamphouse, staring down at the causeway with strange fascination.

"We both had a near squeak," he said, fumbling with his hot mug. "It was my fault. If I hadn't been so domineering. . . ."

She stared at him with a small grin of amazement. "Why, Bill! I think you're apologizing."

He flushed, grinning himself. "That's true. But perhaps I feel like apologizing. I daresay I must have seemed very stupid at times."

"No, not stupid," Janet said quickly. "Just . . . rather slow, if you know what I mean."

Lourie looked at her, seeing for the first time the affection in her eyes. Suddenly he felt happy. "I know what you mean," he said. THE END

© *F. W. Holiday, 1958*

Barnyard welcome for the lone cowgirl

Continued from page 20

live and work in their own districts, are paid in cash by farmers when a job is finished and keep the money. "I benefit," Anne says, "because I am able to cut down book work—the sending of bills and the paying of wages—almost entirely. Consequently my fees are low."

If a farm is filthy Miss Cox cleans it up. "My first job is to run the farm," she says, "not to do the work of the R.S.P.C.A." But when she found a cow that was skin and bone she told the farmer: "That cow must be shot or I'll shoot you." He is still alive.

Washing a cow last year she touched a sore on the front of the animal's udder. The cow kicked her on the upper jaw bone; most of her top teeth had to be removed.

In Cornwall a Jersey bull weighing at least nine hundredweights threatened to gore her to death. She leaped into a static water tank and kept her chin above water by standing on tiptoe until she was rescued.

When a bull on another farm ran wild, Anne was in her bath. Hurriedly dressing in a singlet and briefs, she seized a fork and confronted the beast in a farmyard. For half an hour the bull and Anne glowered at each other. Then the bull turned away, and Anne led it back into its pen.

If cattle in her care are ill Miss Cox sometimes calls a vet. "Often, however, all that is required is a disinfected cowshed."

A bullock choking with an ulcer in the throat was in desperate need of a vet. Anne, alone on a farm without a telephone, five miles from the nearest neighbour, stopped a motor-cyclist and coached him to hold the bullock's tongue. Then she put an arm down the animal's throat and broke the ulcer with a knife. The bullock made a good recovery.

Born near Rugeley, Staffordshire, into a family of sixteen, Anne nearly died at the age of five when a cart horse pulled a wagon-load of ashes over her.

"At the age of nine," she says, "I was impressed by the fact that farmers never took a holiday. I used to tell them: 'When I grow up, I'll look after your farm while you have a holiday.' And that became my ambition."

Anne left school after only 364 days of lessons, then in succession made boxes in a factory, worked on a mixed farm where she learned to pluck a turkey in three minutes, milked fifty cows a day by hand for a Lancashire mill owner, tackled auctioneering and the pricing of animals, and mastered hay turning, thatching, scything, rick building, the breaking and working of horses, and glasshouse culture.

She learned to read and now has a store of hundreds of novels. She also collected stamps (she now has 30,000), attended a domestic science course in Preston and sold the gold medals she won for milking to pay her way as a night student at the Royal Veterinary College in London.

In 1928 she took charge of a sixty-five acre farm near Bedford: milked twenty-five cows, ran a daily milk round and in the evenings pulled three acres of mangolds by the light of lanterns hanging from a clothes-line. The farmer, who was ill, paid her 15s. a week plus a bonus of a slab of chocolate.

When she cut and laid a hedge which had grown unchecked for twenty years on another farm, the farmer presented her with a bull calf which she sold for thirty-nine guineas. Other gifts she has collected include fifteen solid silver table lighters and enough pairs of gloves, travelling rugs and nylons to last her for life.

As the National Service authorities discovered in 1941, Anne is a determined woman. After a row with Land Army officials she refused to work on the land—or to join the women's services. Three tribunals failed to change her mind and she worked through the war as a supervisor in a bomber components store.

Anne's proudest claim is that she never lets a client down, either by failing to honour a booking, or by taking insufficient pains.

On one job in Cumberland she found a ten-month-old heifer weak with pneumonia and bracken poisoning at the bottom of a steep grassy bank. She drove her small car down, eased a wicket gate under the heifer and attached it by rope to the car.

Even without the heifer—a healthy one may weigh four hundred pounds at ten months—the car was unable to climb back up the hill, and had to be assisted by a breakdown jeep.

When a vet reached the farm he found the heifer safe under cover in a barn. Anne Cox had heaved it up the hill unaided. THE END

To hungry young men...and women

EAT, DRINK AND MARVEL AT HOW GOOD GUINNESS TASTES

THERE ARE many women who say that once they have cooked a meal their appetite has gone. Hovering over the frying pan, and having all the preparing to do, is probably responsible for this.

That is one of a number of good reasons for always having some Guinness in the house. There is probably no better appetiser anywhere. And because it sharpens the appetite, you eat with far greater enjoyment and satisfaction.

You must admit that Guinness looks pretty inviting, too. Did you know that the unique, dark-ruby colour is due to roasted barley used in the brewing? This also gives Guinness its intriguing *roasted* flavour.

Guinness is the most natural drink in the world. That is why it tastes so good – *especially with food.*

G.E.3023

Educated angel

Continued from page 9

the darling hand of her inside the white kid glove, and my backbone stiffened up like a poker.

"Give us a pint apiece," said Jim Farrell in a weak kind of voice.

"By the Holy, boys," I said, "we've earned it twice over this night. Ahhhhhh . . . !" I finished up, and went hopping across the room, because Jim Farrell had fetched me a terrible kick on the foot.

"What happened?" said Sheila, putting her hand under her heart, and going quite white. "Are you hurt, Peter?"

"Just twisted his ankle," said Jim Farrell. "Often happens with these weak-legged fellers. Don't mind him."

But all the same, Sheila made me come into the back of the shop and take off my boot and my sock so she could see was it bad. And then nothing would stop her but she fetched out a bandage to put on me.

And I didn't mind her doing it at all, with her red, curly head bent down over my foot, and her hands smoothing and soothing where that big *omadhaun* had near broken my bones. Not as small and soft a hand as Miss Smith's, of course, but powerful tender just the same.

And I thought how queer the ways of the world are. A couple of weeks back Sheila was half the time scolding me and Jim, and the other half tossing her nose at us and ignoring us, and us dying for a kind word out of her. And now, when there wasn't a dream could worm its way into our sleep but about Miss Smith, here was Sheila kneeling at my feet like the Queen of Sheba making up to Solomon.

"Is that better?" she whispered to me. "You wouldn't find Miss Smith doing the like of that for you, I'll be bound." But I could only fetch a great sigh out of myself at that, and didn't Sheila flounce to her feet and stand on my bare foot?

"Jasus," I said, "you have me toes gone now."

"Then take them up to Miss Smith and let her fix them," said Sheila, sobbing, and she flung my sock in my face and my boot after it. She went into the kitchen then, bolting the door after her.

I PUT my boot back on at the last, and went into the shop again to finish my pint. At least I would have, only Jim Farrell had done it for me.

"It was going flat on you," he said, "and would have given you wind if I'd left you to drink it. What was you saying there about the fair, Mr. O'Shaughnessy?"

"I was saying," said Tim O'Shaughnessy, "the power of money there is to be won there at the boxing. Five solid pounds, no less, for any young feller like you as would stand three rounds with the Galway Basher. How about you, Mr. Farrell, now? You've a powerful right hand on you."

The fair was over in Killmallock the coming Saturday, six miles away up the valley, and I no sooner heard Tim O'Shaughnessy mention it than a plan came into my mind.

You could do a power of courting on £5, or even a portion of it. A good, fine, educated class of courting, too, that would appeal to a lady like Miss Smith. You could take her into town on the bus and treat her to the pictures, with tea after: sausages and eggs and stout and anything she'd fancy.

"Five pounds?" Jim Farrell was saying thoughtfully.

"Five it is," I said. "I heard that myself yesterday. And if there's a man in the parish could get it, you're the one. He's a terror, the Basher is, and it'd take a man like you to face him. They say he made a stretcher case of a lad up in Galway only the other week, and killed a feller once."

Farrell looked very thoughtful at that, and shook his head, as I'd known he would.

"Ah no," he said. "It wouldn't be fair to my poor old mother to take the risk." And I grinned inside my empty pint mug like a cat at the cream. Because, with him out of the way, I was all set. I'd only to get over to Killmallock a bit early and get hold of this Basher feller, and offer him two out of the £5 to let me stay the distance with him, and there I'd be with three soft pounds for courting and a hero's reputation.

Next morning I was out of the village before a soul was stirring, and in Killmallock before breakfast. And that was when things started to go slightly wrong. I got to the fair all right and found the boxing booth, but no Basher. Only a little bald-headed man looking miserable.

"The Basher?" he said. "You wanted to fight him? Well, you can't, because he's sick. Says he ate something. Drank something, more like."

I was half across the fairground again before he called me back. "Here," he said, "wait a mo. If you're a scrapper, whyn't you take Basher's place for today and get your chance at the fiver that way? We could call you the Kerry Killer. You come through okay without being beaten, you gets your fiver. And if one of them knocks you out, I'll still give you a quid."

And that's how, at three o'clock that afternoon, I was sitting in the corner of the ring, waiting for all comers. I put a scowl on me that would have given a dog a heart-attack.

"I have here," said Mr. Cohen, the booth proprietor, "a genuine five pound note what will become the property of the first gentleman to knock the Kerry Killer through these here ropes. That's all there is to it, gents."

I scowled again, and the crowd shuffled its feet, with a lot of giggling and "go on" whispering from the girls with fellers. But nobody moved, and I thought I was going to earn the softest £5 I'd ever heard of when someone started pushing forward.

I scowled so hard I couldn't see for a minute, but he kept on coming, peeling off his coat and his shirt as he came. And that was how he was in the ring before I saw who it was. Jim Farrell. He wasn't surprised to see me because, of course, he'd been having a long look at me from the back of the tent.

"Hallo, Killer," he said, with a nasty kind of grin. He swung his right arm round in a circle as if he was swinging a hammer, and flexed his shoulders. I'd never realized before what a horribly big man Jim Farrell was.

I don't like to think about the next two minutes. One second I was up, and the next second I was down. I'd have been quite happy staying down, only Farrell picked me up again.

"You gotta go through the ropes," he hissed in my ear. "That's what the man said," and he fetched me a clout that nearly broke my neck. I tried to go through the ropes then, but missed my aim and bounced back again and hit Jim in the stomach by mistake.

"I didn't mean it," I said. "Honest, Jim, I didn't." But he didn't listen and gave me the most terrible bash in the eye. I went through the ropes properly that time and lay flat on a row of seats, watching fireworks.

"Nine," someone was shouting. "T. . . ." Mr. Cohen was calling reluctantly. "E. . . . Come on, boy, on your feet. N . . . spells. . . . Come on, boy. . . ." But it was no good. Even if I'd wanted to get up I couldn't have, and at last Mr. Cohen said, "Ten" in a heartbroken kind of voice.

Jim Farrell came over to me with the fiver in his hand. "So long, Killer," he said. "Shall I send for a stretcher? I'd wait round to help carry you on it, only I've got an appointment. At least, I will have." And he crackled the fiver under my nose the way you'd burn feathers when someone's fainted. I just shut my eyes until he'd gone.

"Get out," said Mr. Cohen to me. "You bog-trotting slob. Get out before I fetch the Basher to finish you."

"What about my pound for losing?" I said.

I thought Mr. Cohen would have a heart-attack there and then, and he let a stream of language out of him the like of which I've never heard before or since. So, not wanting to demean myself, I went.

And all the six miles home I swore that if Miss Imelda Smith and I were the last two human beings left alive on a desert island, I wouldn't so much as pass the time of day with her. There are some people who are just bad fortune for other people and it's the wise man who can recognize it. Let Jim Farrell have her, if he liked to take the risk.

NOW, by the time I got to O'Shaughnessy's bar, my eye was the size and colour of a ripe plum and I felt as if I'd been run over. They didn't recognize me at first, but thought I was someone in off the road after an accident.

Then there was a cry from behind the counter, and my own darling Sheila, that was the only woman in the world that I ever loved, came darting out to me like an angel of mercy. "Peter," she whispered, "was it one of them tourists in a motor-car?"

"Worse," I said, letting myself fall on to the settle. "It was a motor-coach full of them, blowing horns and bugles. Left me for dead in the road." I knew I was safe enough there. Jim Farrell wouldn't want it getting to the ears of his precious educated Miss Smith how he got the fiver that took her courting.

"God pity you, isn't that the terrible thing?" said Sheila. "Come away into the back and let me get the sponge and basin at your poor face now." And she clucked and cooed in her little milk-white throat like a pigeon over another pigeon.

And I tell you, the next three hours I didn't give a thought to Miss Smith, good or bad, with her old B.A. and her white hat. I'd too much to do supping little sups of whiskey in hot milk, and having my bruises minded, and every now and then a little cuddle round Sheila's waist that was just made for a man's arm to cuddle it. By the time I had my black eye fixed up, it wasn't much of a sister I was thinking Sheila was at all, I can tell you that.

And then, a bit after ten, didn't Jim Farrell come tottering into the bar like an old man with rheumatics?

"I'm paralysed," he said whispering. "Weeding. Grass cutting. Pruning bushes. Cleaning windows." He was near beside himself and I don't think he even knew he was talking aloud.

I grinned at him, knowing exactly what had happened. Before he could get talking to Miss Smith about going to the pictures or the like of that, he'd had the hoe and the clippers put into his hands, and a little, sweet, educated smile along with them.

He laid a £5 note on the counter, the self-same one that he'd got from Mr. Cohen that afternoon. "Give me a large whiskey," he said, "before my throat closes on me."

"Well," I said, "you seem to have got a goodlooking fiver out of it, just the same. Some men have all the luck." And I put my arm round Sheila's waist and steered her back into the private part of the shop, leaving Jim Farrell staring after us with a queer kind of glassy look in his eyes.

"Or maybe it isn't luck at all," I said, "but the education you have. Education is a wonderful thing they say, specially for bringing people together."

And I closed the door on him then, and went on with the lesson Sheila and me had been educating ourselves with, about the best way to heal a poor fellow that's been run over by a bus. An educated angel, Sheila is, with the right kind of education entirely. THE END

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by Stanford Robinson

BUDAPEST was a city under curfew when I went there in 1946 to conduct a series of concerts. The British Council sponsored my visit, which was short —and hectic.

One evening, after a concert broadcast, I went to dinner at the Russian Military Headquarters. I had arranged to call on some Hungarian friends for coffee at eleven o'clock, by which time I was sure the dinner would be over. Unfortunately, I had underestimated Russian hospitality.

We had an eight-course meal, which included a huge helping of Hungarian goulash soup so thick and tasty that it was a meal in itself. I struggled through the remaining courses, and by the time we had coffee it was already eleven-thirty. Then we drank toasts, and when the party broke up it was almost midnight—and almost time for the curfew.

On noticing the time, my Russian hosts became concerned for my safety. They bundled me into a staff car, with a sharp warning that if I were seen out after midnight their military police would arrest me—or even shoot at me.

The driver raced through the streets and left me at my friends' house just as the clocks struck midnight. A little bewildered, I went in to greet my friends, who told me that I would have to stay with them until the curfew ended at 5 a.m.

In spite of my protests they arranged a meal to help to pass the time. I sat down and tried to do justice to the courses put before me, thankful, at least, that I was safe and had avoided the ridiculous situation of being arrested by my former hosts.

How to make Hungarian goulash soup

Ingredients: 2 lb. beef, 1 or 2 smoked sausages, 1 lb. onions, 1 or 2 tomatoes, 2 red or green pimentoes, 2 or 3 potatoes, 2 tablespoons paprika, 3 pints water, salt, fat for frying.

Shred the onions and cook to a light golden colour in the hot fat. Add the meat, cut into pieces, the chopped tomatoes, the shredded pimentoes, and season with the paprika powder and salt.

Simmer gently for about 45 minutes, then add hot water gradually. Cover the saucepan or casserole, and simmer very gently for two hours. Half an hour or so before serving add the potatoes, peeled and quartered. Then, ten minutes before serving, add the sliced smoked sausage.

South by Java Head

Continued from page 15

Findhorn, McKinnon, Vannier, Evans and Walters had all recognized it too.

This was not the first time they had seen one of them, and there could be no possible doubt about it. It was a U.S. Navy torpedo boat. And, almost as if to remove any last doubts they might have about its nationality, a seaman aboard the torpedo boat suddenly broke out a large flag that streamed stiffly in the wind: the Stars and Stripes, the most easily identifiable flag in the world.

They were all sitting up in the lifeboat now, and one or two were standing. The M.T.B. slowed down her big motors, jammed them into reverse and came sliding smoothly alongside. A couple of heaving lines smacked accurately fore and aft into the lifeboat. A short, stocky figure appeared from behind the wheelhouse.

"Hallo, there!" Nicolson stretched out a hand in greeting. "Brother, are we glad to see you."

"Not half as glad as we are to see you." There was a gleam of white teeth in a sunburned face, an almost imperceptible movement of the left hand, and the three sailors on deck suddenly produced sub-machine guns. "Please keep very still indeed."

Nicolson felt as if he had been kicked in the stomach. With a queer sort of detachment he saw that the Stars and Stripes was already gone. Even as he watched, the Rising Sun of Japan fluttered up and took its place.

The officer turned suddenly, teeth bared and pistol at the ready, as Farnholme sprang to his feet with an empty whisky bottle swinging in his hand. But the bottle was intended for Van Effen, who half-turned as he sensed the approaching blow, but raised his arm too late. The heavy bottle caught him just above the ear and he collapsed over his thwart.

The Japanese officer stared at Farnholme.

"One more such move and you will die, old man. Are you mad?"

"No, but this man was, and we would all have died. He was reaching for a gun." Farnholme stared down angrily at Van Effen. "I have come too far to die like this, with three machine-guns lined on me."

"You are a wise old man," the officer said. "Indeed, there is nothing you can do."

Farnholme picked up the heavy gladstone bag which never left his side.

"What—what are you doing?" Nicolson demanded.

Farnholme looked up at the officer standing above them and jerked a thumb in Nicolson's direction. "If this fool attempts to do anything silly or restrain me in any way, shoot him down."

Nicolson stared at Farnholme in sheer incredulity, then glanced up at the Japanese officer. No incredulity there, no surprise even; just a grin of satisfaction. The Jap started to speak rapidly in some language quite unintelligible to Nicolson, and Farnholme answered him, readily and fluently, in the same tongue.

And then, before Nicolson had quite realized what was happening, Farnholme was making for the side of the boat, his bag in his hand.

"This gentleman said we were welcome," Farnholme smiled down at Nicolson, "but I fear that he referred only to myself. A welcome and, as you can see, honoured guest."

He turned to the Japanese as the first heavy drops of the next rain-squall began to patter on the decks of the M.T.B. "Tie their boat aft," he said. "They are desperate men—it is most inadvisable to have them alongside."

"You damned traitor!" Nicolson said savagely.

Farnholme shook his head sadly. "It's a harsh and cruel world, my boy. One has to earn a living somehow. *Au revoir.*"

A moment later he was lost to sight and the rain swept down in blinding sheets.

For what seemed a long time nobody in the lifeboat spoke or moved. Then Nicolson heard Miss Plenderleith call him and he turned. She was sitting on the port side bench, her back as straight as a wand, her hands clasped primly in her lap, her face quiet and composed. She might have been sitting in her drawing-room at home, but for one thing: her eyes were flooded with tears.

SPORT—1

> To brag little, to lose well, to crow gently if in luck, to pay up, to own up, to shut up if beaten, are the virtues of a sporting man.
>
> O. W. Holmes

"What's the matter, Miss Plenderleith?" Nicolson asked gently.

He was about to go on, to try to offer her what comfort he could, when something hard and cold struck painfully at the back of his neck. He whirled round and stared up at the Japanese sailor who had just prodded him with the barrel of his machine-gun.

"No speaking, Englishman."

He looked dangerous, the kind of man who might welcome the opportunity to use the gently waving gun in his hand. He jerked his head at the other armed sailor—the officer had taken the third with him when he had gone below—and gestured that the rope made fast to the lifeboat's bow should be brought farther aft.

Nicolson and McKinnon paid the lifeboat along the torpedo boat's side, and very soon they were streaming off its stern at the end of a couple of fathoms of rope. The torpedo boat got under way again, northwards into the sea and the heavy rain.

Miss Plenderleith had her back to the rain and the guards. There were tears on her cheeks, but her eyes were clearer now, and they were looking straight at Nicolson. He caught her glance, saw her drop it to the carbine lying by her side where Farnholme had left it, saw her raise her eyes to his again.

"It's cocked," Miss Plenderleith said quietly. "It's ready to fire. The

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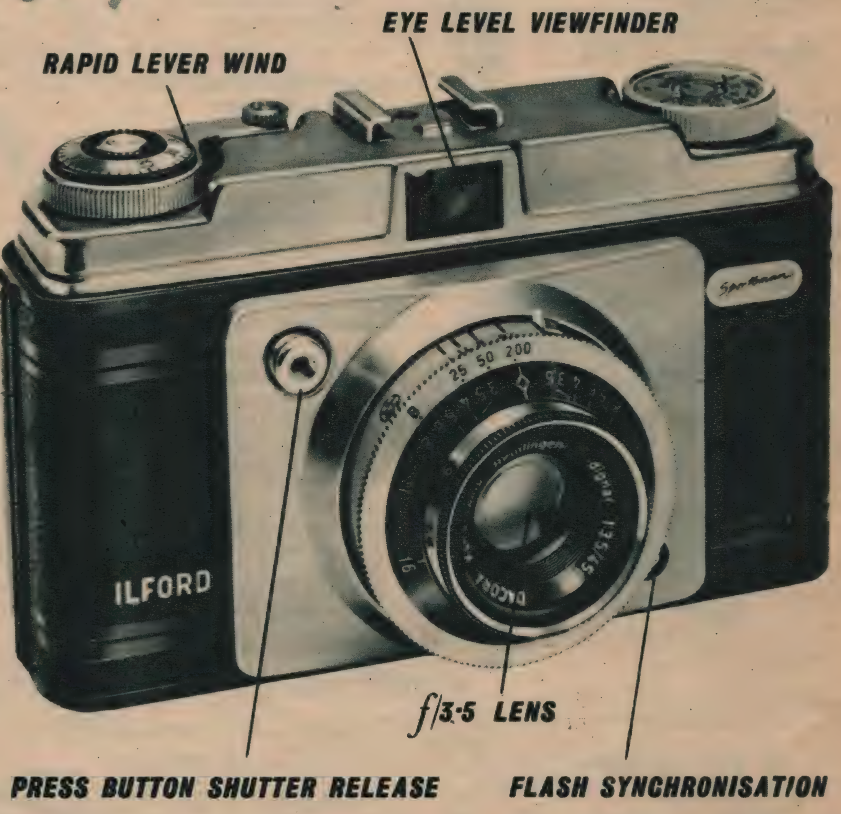

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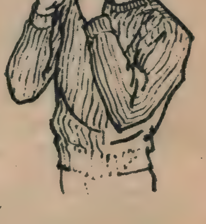

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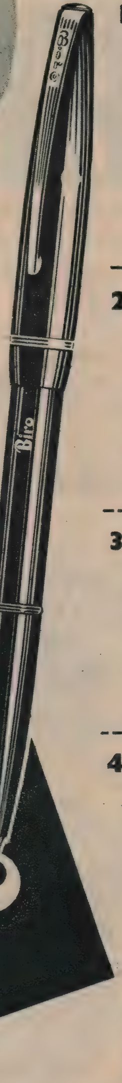

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brigadier said it was all ready to fire."

Nicolson looked at her, slow astonishment and wonder in his face, his eyes blinking in the driving rain as he tried to read her expression. And then he forgot all about Miss Plenderleith, and reached for the carbine. . . .

Even at that distance of forty or fifty feet, the sound of the explosion was deafening and the sheer physical shock of the pressure wave like an invisible blow in their faces. Smoke and flame belched out through a great hole blown in the starboard side of the torpedo boat and almost at once she was heavily on fire amidships. One of the guards fell backwards over the stern: the other had taken only a couple of running paces forward when the blast of the carbine in Nicolson's hand pitched him forward on his face.

McKinnon snatched up an axe and severed the towrope, and the lifeboat slewed away heavily to the west. The torpedo boat still throbbed northwards on an unaltered course, and within half a minute all signs of her, even the flames that twisted high above the bridge, were completely lost in the rain-squalls and the rapidly falling darkness.

Swiftly, and in a strange unanimity of silence, the stunned little party in the lifeboat stepped the mast, hoisted the lug and the jib, and bore off into the rain and the gloom with as much speed as they could command from their tattered sails.

FIFTEEN minutes passed slowly by. Now and again somebody would be about to speak, but there was something in the bearing of Miss Plenderleith's little figure, about her upright carriage, that precluded conversation.

It was Captain Findhorn, speaking for the first time, who asked the question they all wanted answered.

"If we come home again, we will owe it all to Brigadier Farnholme. You seem to have known him far better than any of us, Miss Plenderleith. Can you tell me how he did it?"

Miss Plenderleith stirred, then nodded. "I'll tell you. It was very simple, because Foster was a very simple and direct man.

"You all noticed that big gladstone bag he carried? Well, on the island he found lots of Japanese grenades—the ones they brought ashore to try to sink our boats—and he stuffed fourteen or fifteen into his gladstone bag."

"Into his bag?" Nicolson patted the seat beside him. "But there's a lot under here, Miss Plenderleith."

"He found more than he told you." Miss Plenderleith's voice was very low. "He took the others aboard with him.

"He spoke Japanese fluently and he had no difficulty in persuading them that he was carrying Jan Bekker's plans with him. When he got below, he was going to show them the plans, put his hand inside the bag, press a grenade release catch and leave his hand there. He said it would only take four seconds. . . ."

There was no moon that night, and no stars, only the dark, scudding cloud-rack overhead. Nicolson drove the lifeboat on for hour after hour, by guess and by God. The glass of the compass bowl had cracked and nearly all the spirit had escaped. He steered instead by the wind, trying to keep it on the starboard quarter all the time, gambling that the monsoon would hold steady.

Shortly after two o'clock in the morning he sent the bos'n and Vannier up to the bows to keep a lookout ahead. Half an hour more passed, and suddenly he became aware that the long, low swell from the north-west was changing. It was becoming shorter and steeper with every minute that passed.

He raised his voice. "Listen, all of you. I think we're nearing shore. The chances are that there will be rocks or reefs off the beach, or a heavy surf running. The boat may founder or capsize—not likely, but it may." *It'll be a ruddy miracle if it doesn't,* he thought bleakly. "If you find yourselves in the water, stick together. Hang on to the boat, the oars, lifebelts or anything that will float. Do you all understand?"

There was a low murmur of assent.

"Cut Siran loose, Bos'n."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Surf ahead!" Vannier called. "Starboard bow!"

"Lower the jib!" Nicolson ordered. "Yard down!"

He leaned far over on the tiller, bringing the lifeboat round to face wind and sea. She answered the helm slowly, soggily; there were at least fifty gallons of sea water swishing about the after end of the boat.

He twisted in his seat, looked quickly over his shoulder towards a thin white line in the darkness.

"Right, Bos'n, let it go."

McKinnon had been waiting the word, the iron-hooped mouth of the sea-anchor in his hands. Now he flung it as far for'ard into the sea as he could, paying out the warp as the anchor filled and started dragging.

"Get those oars out!" Nicolson had already unshipped the rudder and drawn the shaft of the steering oar up through the grummet, sculling furiously to keep the lifeboat head on to sea until the sea-anchor took hold. He could hear the scraping and muffled oaths as men tried to free trapped oars, then the metallic *clunks* as they dropped into the

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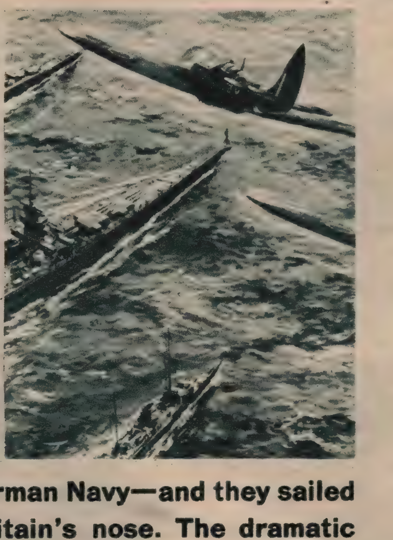

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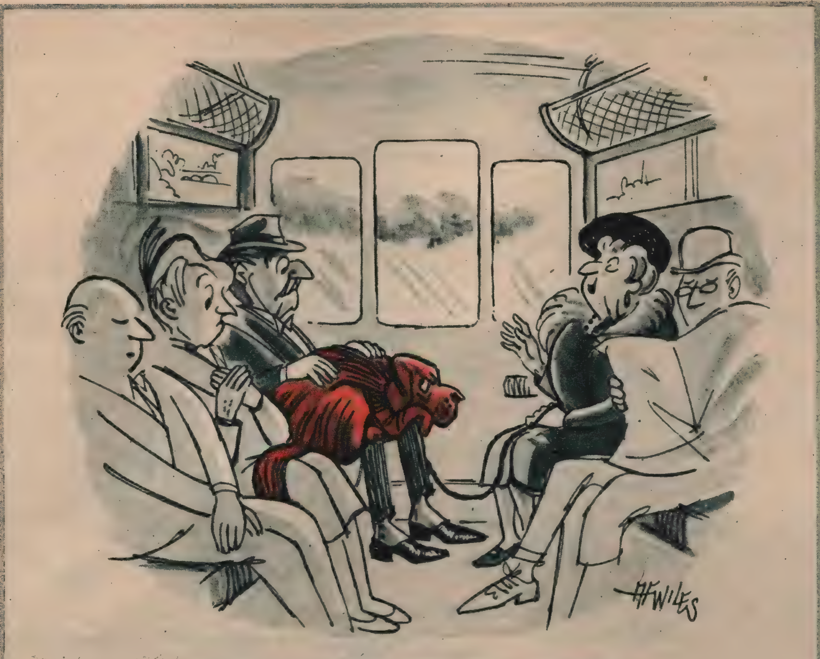
IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



"I hope you don't mind, but he prefers to travel with his back to the engine"

crutches. "Give way together," he called. "Easy now, easy!"

He glanced quickly over his shoulder. The line of surf was almost directly astern now, and its sullen booming carried clearly to his ears, even against the wind.

He faced round again and peered for'ard. Several fathoms of the sea-anchor's warp were already stretched out tautly over the bows. The bos'n had just finished stabbing the attached oil-bag with his knife. He passed the oil-bag overboard, let some more of the warp pass through his hands, then tied it securely to the mast thwart.

They hadn't taken the beaching precautions a moment too soon. Almost immediately the boat picked up speed, rose and rode in swiftly on a giant wave. McKinnon pulled the tripping line of the sea-anchor and the boat plunged over the breaking crest of the surf, racing in to the shelving beach.

It was then and only then, when the worst was safely by, that Nicolson, peering intently astern, saw something that shouldn't have been there. His hoarse shout of warning came too late. The jagged knife-edge of coral sliced through the bottom of the rushing boat. A second later she slewed violently and overturned, catapulting everybody into the seething afterwash of the surf.

Of the seconds that followed, nobody afterwards had more than a confused recollection, a recollection of being rolled over and over by the surging sea, of swallowing sea water and scrambling to their feet on the shingly, shelving beach only to have their legs sucked from under them by the retreating seas; struggling upright again and wading, staggering ashore to the beach.

Nicolson made three trips to the beach altogether. The first was with Miss Plenderleith. She was almost twice the weight he expected, with both her forearms locked through the handles of her heavy canvas travelling bag. She resisted his efforts to tear it away with what he could only imagine to be strength born of fear and panic. But he got her ashore somehow, still grimly clutching her bag, then plunged back into the sea to help to save the captain.

By then there were almost a dozen of them standing or lying on the beach. Nicolson started to take a quick roll-call of those present. But he didn't even get beyond the first name.

"Gudrun. Miss Drachmann!" There was no reply. "Has anybody seen Miss Drachmann? Has anybody got Peter?" There was only silence.

Nicolson dropped to his knees, felt the forms and faces of those who were lying down. No Peter there, no Gudrun Drachmann. He jumped to his feet and rushed madly down into the sea, vaguely conscious of somebody plunging in behind him.

He had taken six running, splashing steps at the full stretch of his legs when something struck him with cruel, numbing force against the kneecaps. It was the boat, drifting upside-down. He somersaulted in mid-air, struck his shoulder against the keel, landed flat on his back in the water on the other side with an explosive smack that drove all the breath out of his body, then was on his way again, propelled by a fear and a nameless anger such as he had never known before.

Another two steps and he had crashed into something soft and yielding and knocked it backwards into the next incoming rush of water. He stooped, grabbed hold of a blouse and lifted, holding her close and bracing the two of them against the surge of the sea.

"Gudrun?"

"Johnny! Oh, Johnny!" She clung to him and he could feel her trembling.

"Peter! Where's Peter?" he demanded urgently.

"Oh, Johnny!" The habitual cool self-possession was gone. "I don't know, I don't know! I—I can't find him."

Nicolson whirled round. It was Vannier who had followed him into the surf. He thrust the girl at him. "Take her ashore, Vannier."

"I won't go! I won't!" The half-hysterical girl was struggling in Vannier's arms. But she hadn't the strength left to struggle very much. Vannier dragged her through the surf as Nicolson plunged again into the water.

Once he thought he had found the boy, but it was only an empty bag; he threw it away like a man demented and flung himself yet farther out into the surf, near the coral reef that had sunk them. He was up almost shoulder high in the water now, being swept off his feet by every wave. Two minutes, perhaps three, had elapsed since the boat had struck, and even in his madness he knew that the little boy could not have lived so long in these waters.

And then, high and clear above the wind and the sea, he heard it. The child's thin, terrified cry came from his right, along the beach, about thirty yards away. He whirled and plunged in that direction. He shouted, heard a man's answering call, and then all at once he was upon them; a man as tall as himself, with the child in his arms.

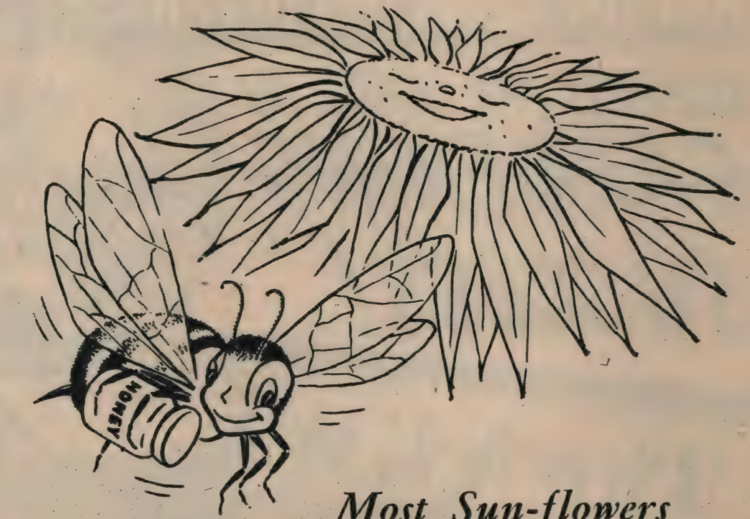
Van Effen's voice was very faint and far away. "The little one is not harmed. Please to take him from me." Nicolson

SPORT—2

In sport, in courage, and in the sight of heaven, all men meet on equal terms.

Sir Winston Churchill

The Buds and the Bees No. 1



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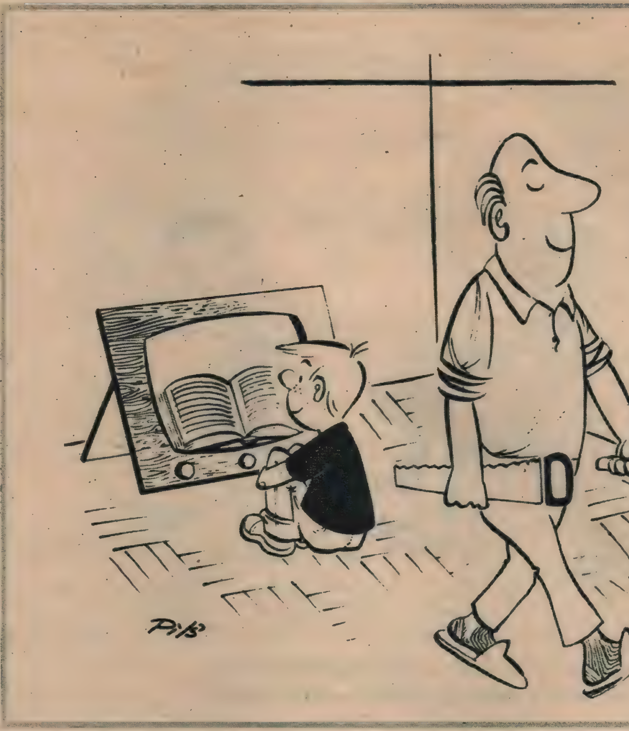

had barely time to snatch the boy before the Dutchman toppled and fell his length, face down in the foaming water.

They had landed somewhere on the Java shore of the Sunda Straits, in a deep bay, with a narrow shingle beach and a jungle that crowded almost down to the water's edge. It was dense, impenetrable-looking jungle that ran back into the high rain forests that covered the slopes of low hills.

The shores of the bay were completely empty of any life, animal or human, or any signs of life. There was only their own little company, huddled in what shelter they could find under a cluster of palms; and, about a hundred yards along the beach, the upturned lifeboat.

The lifeboat was in bad shape. A great hole, almost fifteen feet in length, had been ripped out of her bottom, and her keel was broken. The boat was, in fact, far beyond repair. There was only the jungle left for them.

They were in no condition to face it. Captain Findhorn, for all his courage, was still a very sick man, unable to walk a dozen steps. Van Effen was weak, too, and in considerable pain. Before Nicolson and McKinnon succeeded in freeing his badly mangled leg from the clam that had seized it while he was bringing the child ashore, he had almost drowned in the shallow water.

Both Walters and Evans had swollen arms from infected wounds, and they, too, suffered constantly, while McKinnon, though in no great pain, limped on a badly stiffened leg. Willoughby was weak, and Siran and his men obviously intended to be of help to nobody.

That left only Nicolson and the fourth officer. . . .

The north-west corner of Java, Nicolson knew, had a fair population, and there were one or two largish towns some way inland. But they were too far away. Their best chance lay in coming across some coastal village.

Less than an hour after dawn he took the Colt .45—the only other salvaged weapon, the brigadier's machine-carbine, he left with McKinnon—and moved off into the jungle, Vannier close behind him.

They found a path, but it scarcely deserved the name. One moment hard-packed and worn, as though by constant use, the next it vanished abruptly and mysteriously as it dipped into the swamps, to reappear a few yards ahead, smooth and firm again. As they plunged along, they were soon covered in rotting, evil-smelling slime.

Ninety minutes and three miles after leaving the beach, Nicolson called a halt. They had just struggled through a thirty-yard patch of watery swamp that had taken them almost up to the armpits, and they were exhausted.

"You don't think we're travelling in circles, do you, sir?" Vannier asked.

"Possible enough," Nicolson had to admit. "Haven't seen the sun, it's so blasted thick overhead."

Abruptly, he stiffened, his left hand reaching out to touch Vannier warningly on the shoulder. But Vannier, too, had heard it and rose noiselessly to his feet. Seconds later both men were standing behind the trunk of a tree.

The murmur of voices and the soft pad of footsteps on the matted jungle floor came steadily nearer. The approaching men—it sounded as if there were only two of them—might be Japanese.

The click of the Colt's safety-catch sliding off sounded unnaturally loud. . . .

Suddenly the approaching men rounded the bend in the trail and were in full view. Three men, not two, and certainly not Japanese, Nicolson realized with quick relief. They were Sumatran natives, dressed in denims and faded blue shirts. One was carrying a rifle.

Nicolson waited until they were only ten feet away, then stepped out into the middle of the path, the pistol barrel lined up motionless on the chest of the man with the rifle. The three men stopped sharply, surprise and anger in their faces.

Nicolson looked briefly at Vannier. "Take his gun, Fourth."

"English? You speak English?" The youngest of the three was peering at Nicolson with eyes suspicious but no longer hostile. He suddenly smiled and spoke rapidly to the man by his side, then looked at Nicolson. "I tell my father you are English. I know your hat."

"This?" Nicolson touched his cap.

"Yes. I live in Singapore"—the young native waved his hand vaguely towards the north—"for almost two years. Often I see English officers from ships. Why are you here?"

"We need help," Nicolson said bluntly. "Our ship has been sunk. We have many sick, many hurt. We need shelter, food, medicines."

"Give us back our gun," the young man said abruptly.

Nicolson didn't hesitate. "Give them back the gun, Fourth."

Reluctantly, Vannier handed the rifle back to the oldest man. He snatched it, folded his arms over it and turned his back on them.

The young man looked at him in exasperation, then smiled apologetically to Nicolson.

"You must excuse Trikah, my father," he said haltingly. "You have hurt his feelings. Men do not take guns from him."

"Why?"

"Because he is the headman of our village."

"He is your chief?" Nicolson looked at Trikah with new interest.

The young man nodded. "I am Telak, his eldest son."

"My name is Nicolson. Tell your

father I have many sick English men and women on the beach. Ask him if he will help us."

Telak turned to his father, spoke rapidly in a harsh, staccato tongue for a minute, listened to his father, then spoke again.

"We will help you," Telak said. "My brother will bring strong men and litters from our village. Come, let us go to your friends."

He turned, led the way into an apparently impenetrable patch of forest and undergrowth, skirted the swamp through which Nicolson and Vannier had so lately waded, and led them back on to the path again, all inside a minute. Vannier caught Nicolson's eye and grinned.

Telak talked freely as they walked along through the filtered green light of the jungle. The Japanese, he said, had a garrison at Bantuk, four miles away. The garrison was commanded by a Colonel Kiseki.

"You would shelter so many within four miles of the Japanese?" Nicolson said. "But what will happen if——"

"I am afraid that you cannot stay long with us," Telak interrupted gravely. "Perhaps you can stay three days, but no more."

They were met by McKinnon less than a hundred yards from where the boat had beached the previous night. He was running, staggering from side to side, but not because of his stiffened leg: blood was trickling down into his eyes from a bruised cut in the middle of his forehead, and Nicolson knew without being told who must have been responsible.

McKinnon was very bitter, but no fault could really be attached to him. The first he had known of the heavy hurtling stone that had knocked him unconscious was when he had recovered his senses and found it lying by his side. The carbine had gone and Siran and his men had made off.

McKinnon was all for pursuing the men, and Nicolson, who knew that Siran, alive and free, was a potential danger no matter where he was, agreed. But Telak vetoed the idea. It would be impossible, he said, to find them in the jungle.

Just over two hours later the last of the litter-bearers entered Trikah's *kampong*—the village clearing in the jungle. Small, thin men, but amazingly tough and enduring, most of the bearers had made the journey without being relieved of their loads or once stopping.

Once in the village the sick were treated and they were all fed magnificently. But their paramount need was not for food but for sleep, and sleep they soon had. No beds, no hammocks, no couch of twigs or grass: just coconut matting on the swept earthen floor of a hut; but that was paradise for those who had been without a night's sleep for longer than their weary minds could remember. They slept like the dead, lost beyond call in the bottomless pit of exhaustion. . . .

When Nicolson awoke, the sun had long gone and night had fallen.

He did not awake naturally. He awoke because of a sharp stab of pain that reached down even through the mists of sleep, cold and sharp and heavy.

He awoke with a Japanese bayonet at his throat.

To be concluded next week

"South By Java Head" is published as a novel by Collins, price 14s.

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SPORT—3

All good form has a swing, and it is the swing that is beautiful to look at, whether it is the swing of a champion golf player's club, or of a football player carrying the ball down the field, or of a champion horse racing to the finish.

Lin Yutang

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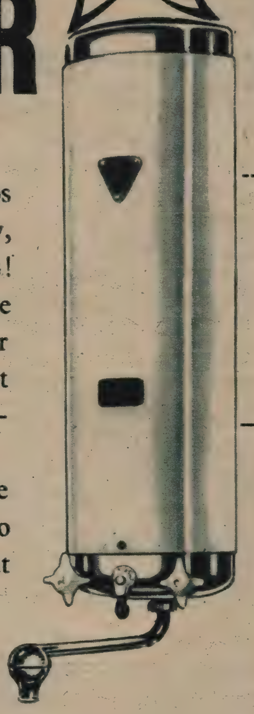

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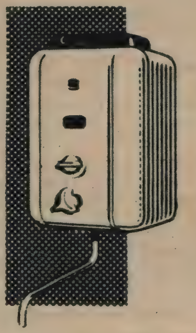

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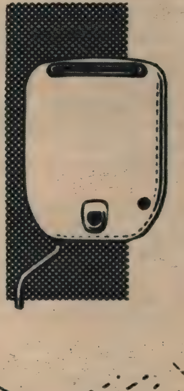

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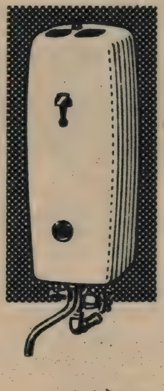

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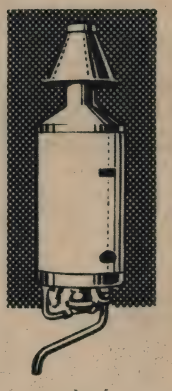

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The loyalty of Private Mould

Continued from page 19

and the sweat stains on his coat. But he was extremely thin, and I could see how it looked to him: the bear was his investment, he had sweated to get it; and now he hoped it would make him a little money. You couldn't expect its owner to see things from the bear's point of view, when his own life was so cheap and nasty.

The Indian was rattling the tom-tom with one hand, and with the other dragging at the rope to get his captive on to its hind legs. But, what with the tom-tom, and the barking of the dogs, and the men chattering and laughing, there was the hell of a row going on and the little bear was terrified. It was rolled up in a ball, with its outsize paws over its face, in the rather human way bears have. The jerks on the rope were nearly lifting it off the ground, but it didn't mean to come uncurled.

All this was rather terrible to watch, but there wasn't anything I could do about it. Shouting at the Indian wouldn't make things better in the long run and, anyway, I didn't hold with shouting at Indians. The fellow was poor and obviously half-starved.

Some of the men were beginning to growl. I told them to lay off it. If they stopped crowding around, the bear wouldn't be so frightened. Then I went away. ~~Animals ought not to be dragged~~ around and made fools of; but that sort of thing, I thought, was always happening in the world; and, in any case, we had to get on with the march.

"I can't remember the last time that we were out together in the evening"

I HAD knocked out my pipe and was tightening the girths of my saddle when Corporal Thompson came up and saluted. He was new to the section and liked things done properly.

"Beg pardon, sir. Private Mould wishes to speak to you."

"Very well, Corporal."

Mould came to attention in front of me, but he was so worked up that his hands were moving. Thompson stood just behind him, as if they were in the orderly-room.

"What is it, Mould?" I knew it was the bear that was upsetting him. His eyes were childlike, with their expression of wanting something desperately and knowing he probably couldn't have it.

"Sir. Beg pardon, sir, but can you lend me twenty rupees?"

"Well. . . ." I was surprised at the trivial request.

"Sir, I got all he wants, bar twenty chips. I'm in credit, sir, you know that, and I don't smoke, and I don't hardly use the wet canteen. I'll pay you back, sir. I swear I will."

"I know that, Mould, and of course I don't mind lending you twenty chips. But is it that bear?"

He nodded and swallowed.

"How much?"

He told me. He'd beaten the man down, but it was still a small fortune for the Indian, and Mould would be broke for ages. I was surprised that he had so much saved in cash, but he was a surprising man.

I oughtn't to let him do it, and I said so. He went on staring at me like a disappointed child that won't quite give up hope.

"Them bears," announced Sykes from behind me, "when they gets big, they'll knock your face off with one swipe. Ain't you ever seen a woodcutter with no face on him, son? It's bears as does that, when they meet you round a corner. Besides, we can't have no bloody bear in the lines, upsetting the mules."

"Animals is all right if you're quiet with them, Sergeant," Mould said. "You know that. It's being surprised they don't like." His eyes went from Sykes's face to mine, and he added urgently: "I'll get rid of him, sir, when I have to. When he gets big, I'll turn him loose. But I can't leave him with that Indian. His feet are all raw with being dragged along."

That did it. I'd seen the bear's feet, and I found I couldn't forget them. Mould's face lit up like a window when I handed him the money. The men laughed and cheered as he ran to pay the bear's ransom, and Sykes bawled at them to stop their noise and get fallen in.

"There'll be bloody hell with the mules," he growled in my ear; but I thought he sounded pleased. . . .

I, too, thought there'd be trouble, but we were both wrong. Tiddy, who would go through the roof for anything, merely blew out big breaths and shook his long ears. One or two of the other mules bucked about a bit, but I had let them stand rather long. I shouted: "Walk, march!" and we clattered off down the road, the bear on Mould's cart, and the Indian salaaming and grinning.

We got into barracks by the early afternoon; wooden hutments among the deodars. There were one or two patches of snow left, in shady places, and red rhododendrons were in flower below the parade ground. You could see for miles from the mess veranda. I felt pretty good when I looked at the mountains. They were the bear's home.

SPORT—4

Most countries believe that most other countries take their games too seriously.

Stephen Potter

It wasn't long before it was at home in the barracks, too. Everybody said that Mould was a fool to buy it, and that one day it would knock his head off.

But that didn't stop them petting it whenever they could. I once saw the R.S.M. bend down to tickle its belly when he met it on the barrack square and the colonel often wandered down to the transport lines. He would sit on a bale of bedding, sucking his pipe and playing with the bear. The two of them were much alike.

I don't know much about Himalayan bears in general, except that they seem to me to be rather nice people who ought to be left alone. They are a bit touchy if taken by surprise, no doubt; but if ever an animal loved a man, that bear cub loved Mould. Mould knew how to be still, you understand; and that sort of stillness is a thing of the spirit. And it wasn't just a matter of a kind master and an affectionate pet. Those two were friends, equals.

Tiddy's behaviour was the strangest thing, though. Mules can be very jealous, and you'd have expected him to be so. But he wasn't. He made a friend of that bear cub, and began to be tiresome when it wasn't about. He just naturally approved of anything that was against regulations, I suppose. The little bear often used to sleep under his feet on the mule-standing, a position for which there was positively no competition.

So there were those three friends, and I'll swear that they could talk together.

But, of course, there's always something. In this case it was trouble with the terrorists in Bengal. The rains had broken by then; but sometimes, at that time of year, you get marvellously fine evenings, when you can see mountain ranges you never knew were there. I'd been scrambling about the hills, and I was on my way back to barracks when I heard the bugle. *Officers, at the double.* That call is apt to mean business. In the lines the troops were all as excited as children. They thought it was a frontier war.

When I got to the orderly-room, I found it was these darned terrorists. Things were getting out of hand, and the rifle companies had to leave for Bengal within two days. But the machine-gunners and the transport were to move a fortnight later. With a move at short notice, half-way across India, everybody was busy. I had little time to think about bears.

It was Sykes who reminded me. His face was quite expressionless, which meant that he was worried.

"Private Mould wants to see you, sir," he said.

Mould came into the office, the bear at his heels. It had grown a good deal and was now nearly as big as an alsatian. It sat down on its bottom and regarded me amiably. Outside, it was raining in torrents, so that the deodars below the veranda were half-concealed by mist and spray.

"It's my bear, sir," Mould explained.

"Well?" My heart sank. I guessed what was coming. The man's face was ravaged.

"I suppose. . . . Couldn't it come with us to Bengal, sir? It's well behaved, and even the R.S.M. likes it, and. . . ."

He fell silent, seeing my face.

"I'm sorry," I told him. I hated every word I had to say. "As a matter of fact I saw this coming and I asked the adjutant. He was as sorry as I am, but it's no use. Look, Mould, we can't take bears on troop trains. Well, we might wink at that. But soon it will be full-grown. And we can't have a full-grown bear in barracks, can we? It wouldn't be safe."

"But, sir, my bear. . . ."

"Yes, I know. But you must think of the bear. Do you know what Bengal is like?"

"No, sir."

"It's green and mostly flat where we're going. Also the air's very humid and you sweat like the devil all the time. It would be misery for a bear, with its thick coat. It would kill it."

Mould drew himself up and swallowed a couple of times before he spoke. I've seldom seen a man look so unhappy.

At last he said: "Well, he belongs up here, after all. Sir, will you give me a day's leave later on? So that I can take him out into the hills and—and lose him?"

I nodded. Mould saluted, and then the two of them went out into the rain together. I sat at my office table for a while, doing nothing. Then I went up to the mess. . . .

The rifle companies had gone when the day came for Mould to take his friend out into the hills. It wasn't raining that morning, which was something. They left barracks before reveille, walking side by side, and quite a number of people happened to be up ~~early and saw them off.~~

For the rest of the day everybody seemed very bad-tempered. Tiddy was easily the worst of us. He kicked Private Bates, whom Sykes put on to groom him, and bit me. It was difficult to get anywhere near him.

So the day seemed very long; I think we were all anxious for everything to be over. After mess I went down to the transport lines and hung about in my office, with the insects frying themselves in millions on the glass of my oil-lamp. Sykes turned up and we drank tea together. We talked a bit, but found nothing much to say. It was dark by then, and distant thunder was rumbling about the hills. Occasionally there was a flicker of lightning. In between the thunder there was the constant sighing of the wind, and maybe a snort, or the stamp of a hoof, in the stables.

AFTER a long while Sykes remarked: "He's bloody late." He paused and added: "Mould's queer about these mountains. Give him half a chance and he'll sit for hours and watch them, with that damn bear sitting up beside him." He coughed, and fell silent again. "Like those holy men," he concluded, some minutes later, "that sit under a tree and stare at nothing, as if it's the most important thing there is."

Then I heard the man on stable picket shout, and saw him raise his lantern. Soon after that, Mould came into the office.

He was dirty and exhausted. Sykes gave him a mug of tea. After he had drunk it, he told us what had happened.

"I went nearly twenty miles," he said, while he looked at the floor. He spoke in a dull monotone. "When I got there, the bear was tired and went to sleep, so I tried to slip away. But it weren't no use. As soon as I moved, he woke up and came after me. Like a dog, he is, only cleverer."

We waited. Then Sykes said: "So what did you do, son?"

"I had to tie him to a tree with a bit of rope I took with me, Sergeant. Thick rope, see? So that it would take him some time to bite it through." Mould stared at his boots for a while, and then continued: "He struggled and cried . . . I could hear him. But I came away. I been walking fast. I didn't stop."

There was a long peal of thunder and a lightning-flash that silhouetted the trees. In the quiet that followed, I said: "I'm sorry, Mould. But you did your best for him." And then, to Sykes: "I'm going to bed. Thanks for the tea."

I got up, and the bear met me on the veranda.

It had a piece of rope around its neck, the end chewed through. These two, they greeted each other—and Tiddy was kicking up hell on the standings, while the soldier on stable picket swore at him.

"Well?" I asked. "What are you going to do now?" My voice was hard, I dare say. It was intolerable that this agonizing business wasn't finished.

And when Mould had thought a while, he replied in a voice I hardly recognized: "You'll have to do it, sir. It's the only way. You'll have to shoot him."

"Why me, for God's sake?"

"You're my officer. And . . . I'd rather it was you."

"All right," I muttered. "To-morrow." It would have been kinder then and there, and I knew it. But I'd had enough for one day. So I climbed up the hill to my quarters, despising myself and hating everything. *Lights out* was being sounded as I got there, I remember; and the long notes made me swear, for no reason that I could think of.

I couldn't have slept, anyway. But I'd have been woken up if I had. When thunderstorms come up over those hills, they really can be something, and this one was the worst I ever saw. When finally it came for us, about an hour later, it was like the Devil himself, a monstrous, dark thing striding across the mountains, stabbing at the tops of them with a pitchfork of fire. First there was rain and then hail, and you couldn't hear yourself shout because of the noise. And when all that was over, there was more rain; a muffled roar in the darkness and the sobbing of the spouting gutter-pipes.

I did not go down to the lines. Perhaps I ought to have done so, but there was a stable picket, and I told myself that I'd be sent for if I was wanted. They did send for me at dawn. The mules had tried to stampede, but the picket got them quieted when the thunderstorm was over. But by the light of oil-lanterns, in that drenching darkness, the men couldn't really see.

When they *could* see, they found that Tiddy was gone. So was the bear. And so was Private Mould.

Mules were shackled by the forefoot. Tiddy had pulled up his shackle-pin. Things weren't so good at the court of inquiry, and I wasn't far off having to pay for him. But there were my written orders about inspecting shackle-pins, and the men on stable picket swore that they had been obeyed. Naturally I didn't say in evidence that Mould was about the only man who could get near Tiddy's shackle-pin and stay out of hospital. Neither did Sykes.

Mould's desertion, of course, was an even more serious matter. But, four days later, a police constable brought in the hillman who had found his helmet and his boots and that piece of paper. About eight miles away from the barracks there was a sheer drop of a hundred feet or so from the path, with the river, very fast and rocky, running below.

Sir, the paper read, *I do not want to live without my friend. I am sorry for the trouble I have caused. Yours truly, E. Mould, Pte.*

Nothing else was found of him, and that was the evidence, and we had to go to Bengal. The colonel was furious. Partly, I think, because he liked Mould, and the bear. . . .

So I never talked much about my furlough the next year but one. I always loved those hills, and I wanted to reach the border of Tibet. I stayed one night in our old mess, with a Scottish regiment. I was more than three weeks out from there when I happened on the village, a tiny place, clinging to the vast flank of a mountain. The dialect they spoke there was pretty difficult, and all I got was an idea that they were rather proud of the local holy man.

I climbed on up, by a thread of a path, and on the shoulder of the mountain I met a small boy carrying one of those pots they use for food. I was looking at the view when he came down the path towards me. It was a wonderful place; you could see the snows, and they were turning a cold blue, like they do in the evening.

I thought the boy said something about a bear, but I wasn't sure. A bit higher up, I saw marks that might have been made by one. Anyway, when I got round the corner, there was quite a good hut, with a side-track winding up to it. There was no apparent reason for building it there, except the view.

I remembered then what Sykes had said. "Mould's queer about these mountains. Give him half a chance and he'll sit for hours and watch them, with that damn bear sitting up beside him. . . . Like those holy men. . . ."

Beside the hut was what was obviously a small stable, and I don't think I was mistaken about the mule whose head was sticking out of the entrance. When I passed by, he laid his ears back, and showed me the whites of his eyes.

I went on past the place; and that night I sat by my camp-fire and listened to the shrilling of the cicadas, and tried to think about my duty.

The sky was vast and full of stars, and the mountains loomed darkly all about me. Somehow I couldn't keep my mind on military law. There seemed to be nothing much I could do about those three friends, except leave them alone together.

THE END

Are your children safe by the fire?

Continued from page 17

make all fabrics flame-proof up to a recognized standard."

Already his experiments have shown that cotton, jute, linen, hemp and certain types of rayon, materials which are used in three-quarters of all garments, are high on the danger list, with flame-resistance ratings of between twenty-five and seventy. They are involved in a large proportion of burning accidents.

Wool, contrary to popular belief, does not ignite easily. Nylon and Terylene are comparatively safe. They melt when exposed to a flame and drop away in pieces, causing what is often a deep but very localized burn.

The first attempt at making materials flame-proof was made in Britain in the seventeenth century, but real progress has come only in recent years. There are now hundreds of patents for flame-resisting agents and methods, and four British firms appear to be to the fore. One, called Antiflamm, Ltd., has achieved good results by applying an antimony oxide compound to materials.

Peter Spence and Sons, Ltd., market to textile finishers a flame-retardant solution called "Lifeguard," based on antimony and titanium. Another process has proved successful in dealing with nylon net and lace.

Typical of these research activities is the work of Proban, Ltd., and its technical manager, John Perfect. Founded four years ago by Albright & Wilson, a Birmingham chemical firm, and the Bradford Dyers' Association, Proban bought the patent rights to a phosphorus compound called tetrakis hydroxymethyl phosphonium chloride —T.H.P.C. for short—whose fire-resistant qualities were accidentally discovered some years ago by two American chemists.

"It looked almost like a magical ingredient at first," says Perfect. "When we put a small piece of treated cotton against a flame, the edges charred but the flame went out. But to make it work on an industrial scale was another story."

He and his chemists mixed T.H.P.C. with a resin similar to that used in crease-resisting processes, dissolved the crystals in a bath and soaked a length of winceyette in it. Then they wrung it dry mechanically and heated it to seal the resin into the textile fibres.

"The first piece was horrible," says Perfect. "You did not have to take it out of the machine; it just rolled out, stiff as a board. All the soft, attractive handling qualities of the material had disappeared."

For more than two years Perfect experimented in his laboratory and in Yorkshire and Lancashire mills. Experts told him that he would never succeed since it was generally agreed that the addition of six to seven per cent solids to a cloth would alter its "feel." The T.H.P.C. process increased the weight of materials by twenty per cent.

"There was one thing we were sure of," says Perfect. "We had the right approach. We washed and rewashed every item we treated. We dry-cleaned it with the strongest fluids. We even used caustic soda. Nothing could shift the flame-resistant finish once it had been bonded into the fibres of the cloth."

Gradually, through what he calls "the use of chemical green fingers," he and his men softened the treated cotton until it was almost indistinguishable from the untreated. But colours often gave them trouble. Once, putting a length of cheap blue flannelette through the process, Perfect saw it coming out of the bath without any colour at all. Certain chemical properties of T.H.P.C. had reacted against it.

By trial and error he discovered that T.H.P.C. destroyed most of the powders more commonly used in the colouring of fabrics. He now limits its use to textiles dyed with the stronger, faster vat colours.

By the middle of last winter Perfect had treated many types of winceyette, some curtaining material, industrial overalls and a limited number of dress fabrics on a successful commercial basis.

"I shall never forget the day I took home the first flame-resistant pyjamas for my three small boys," he says. "My wife and I had always been conscious of the danger in children's clothes, especially nightwear, and at last we felt safe."

The firm now markets the process by licensing textile finishers and carrying out exhaustive tests on every new material submitted to them. "We must be absolutely sure," he says. "The worst possible thing would be for parents to rely on the process and then find it unsafe."

One yard out of every hundred-yard length of material treated by the finishers is sent to him for approval. Before the material is marketed he puts the sample through the equivalent of one hundred home washes with different detergents and then has it dry-cleaned. The sample is finally tested over a Bunsen burner.

Flame-resistant materials are still hard to get, due partly to the increase in cost, partly to public apathy. An untreated winceyette costing 3s. 11d. per yard may go up to 6s. 11d. after treatment. Ready-made garments may cost fifty per cent more.

Meanwhile, most authorities deplore the fact that the subject of accidents caused by clothes catching fire is unpopular with the public.

Michael Tempest once questioned fifty parents from different social groups about four aspects of the problem: Did they know that it was an offence to sell an unguarded fire? Did they know that certain materials were highly inflammable? Did they know that if any child under twelve suffered injury through burning the parents could be fined up to £10? Did they have fire-guards in their homes?

He says: "The replies showed appalling ignorance, even among doctors and nurses. People don't even learn by their mistakes. We have often had more than one case of clothing catching fire in the same family."

But the job of warning the public is going on. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents runs a hundred local home safety committees. In Leeds every mother taking a child to a clinic receives instructions on how to avoid these accidents.

Another local authority in the North, shocked by the number of teenage girls being burned while dressing in front of sitting-room fires, now forbids the placing of mirrors over fireplaces in its council houses.

One mail order firm no longer sells untreated winceyette and at least one multiple store organization now refuses to retail nightdresses for children.

Dr. Bull, who for several years has been at the centre of medical and social research into burns caused by clothing, says: "It is not enough just to make clothes safe. We must do something about fireguards and general child care, too. People are living with dangerous materials and they must eventually learn how to safeguard themselves and their children."

THE END

CHALLENGE THE FAMOUS

GERALD CAMPION

(the B.B.C.'s Billy Bunter) answered six questions about FOOD. Try pitting your wits against his to beat his points score.

(Answers on page 32)

1	What is bombay duck?	Some sort of fish which is used in Indian food.
2	How would you make a haggis?	I believe it's oatmeal, chopped liver, salt and pepper all mixed together, stuffed into a sheep's stomach and boiled.
3	Where does the name cos lettuce come from?	I guess it is a place where they were first grown. Probably somewhere in France or in Holland.
4	What is the difference between macaroni and spaghetti?	Macaroni is hollow; spaghetti is solid.
5	Cox's orange pippin is the name of a famous apple. What do the words "orange" and "pippin" mean?	"Pippin" must somehow refer to the crispness of the apple. I imagine that "orange" refers to the colour.
6	What is a *Cordon Bleu*?	A diploma given by cookery schools in France and England. It usually indicates that the recipient has reached a very high standard.

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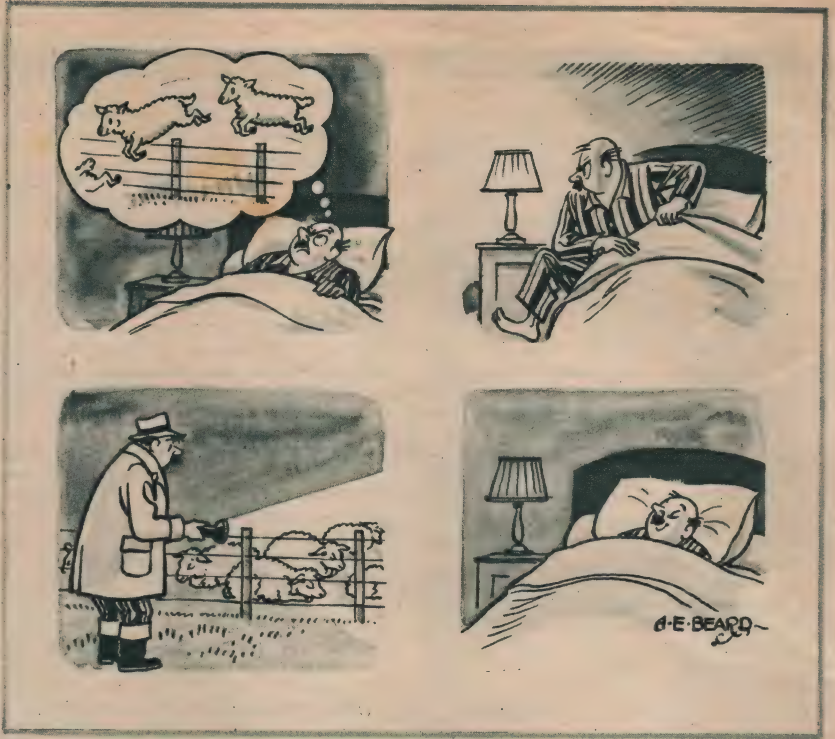

Inside Scotland Yard

Continued from page 13

many armed detectives. Scotland Yard, which is responsible among other things for guarding the Royal Family, does the job as a rule with a single plain-clothes policeman.

But we had a glimpse, which none of us much liked, of what the position is in other countries when in March, 1953, Marshal Tito paid a state visit to England. As Marshal Tito was extremely unpopular with some of his exiled fellow-countrymen, elaborate precautions were taken.

Sir Winston Churchill, who was then Prime Minister, was so concerned that nothing should occur that he sent for the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, insisted on hearing what precautions were proposed, and himself inspected the ground about Westminster Pier, where Tito was due to land.

On the great day, the bridges beneath which Tito's barge had to pass on its way up the Thames were cleared of traffic and people, there were cordons of police at Westminster Pier, and he was given a special escort, throughout his stay, of sixteen motor-cycle policemen.

It was something of an anti-climax that nothing whatever happened to mar the visit, except the explosion of a firecracker somewhere among the crowd at Tito's arrival.

When Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khruschev came to London in the spring of 1956, none of these elaborate precautions was considered necessary. There was no great public interest in their visit, and no really large crowds turned up to see them.

The police were mildly worried by information that the members of a superpatriotic league proposed to bombard them with leaflets when they visited a ballet performance at Covent Garden. One man did try to push his way on to the stage, and a few leaflets were thrown, but on the whole the visit passed off with a rather apathetic yawn from the public.

In 1945 Mr. Churchill, as he then was, had arranged to visit Paris for the Liberation celebrations, and I was in the party. Paris had not long been in Allied hands, many Germans had not yet been rounded up and the French police were understaffed.

I was responsible for the Prime Minister's security, but he, as usual, had his own views on the subject. As far as he was concerned, he was going to sit in the Champs-Elysées to receive the tributes of the liberated city, and if all the Germans remaining in Paris liked to take pot-shots at him, then good luck to them.

There was little I could do about it. I persuaded the French police to search the buildings opposite the saluting base and make sure that the rooms were occupied by reasonably reputable people, and I kept as close to Mr. Churchill as I could.

I did, however, have one triumph. Knowing that the opera is a favourite setting for assassination attempts, I suggested to the Prime Minister that he should cancel his formal visit. He agreed with alacrity. I formed the opinion that he did not care for opera.

During my twenty-five years at Scotland Yard I have seen many changes in the nature of crime and the ingenuity of criminals.

Novelists have laid such stress on fingerprints as clues that even the simplest criminal now has more sense than to leave any. Only once can I remember this propaganda working in our favour: when a murderer gave himself up because he knew he had left a fingerprint and he was certain we would track him down from it. This is not necessarily true, unless he were a convicted criminal whose prints we already had, and this man was not.

In my early days the confidence man, with his simple story for simple people of gold bricks for sale at reduced rates, could generally find a buyer. He still

CHALLENGE THE FAMOUS

In his answers to the six questions on food, on page 31, Gerald Campion scored four and a half points. He answered the first question correctly. Bombay duck is cured, raw fish, usually served with curries and rice. It has a strong odour.

He had a good idea of how to make a haggis. The directions are: Take a sheep's pluck and paunch, beef suet, onions, oatmeal, salt and pepper, nutmeg and stock. Sew all ingredients into the paunch and boil.

But Campion was wrong over Question 3. Cos lettuce derives its name from the Dodecanese island of Cos, where it was originally grown. He answered Question 4 correctly and was half right over Question 5. "Pippin" applies to an apple raised from a seed or pip instead of being propagated by grafting.

He was right over Question 6, although strictly speaking the diplomas should go only to women in the chef class. *Cordon Bleu* was the name given to the sky-blue sash of the Knights Grand Cross of the Holy Spirit, the highest order of the Bourbon kings. Louis XIV, who was a gourmet, humorously applied the term to skilful feminine cooks.

does, but his methods have to be more elaborate or more topical. No buyer of faked uranium has yet reported, but it is probably only a matter of time. During Britain's period of rationing and shortages after the war, when all our whisky seemed to be going to the United States, a popular confidence trick was the offer to get five hundred bottles of whisky—"but there's a man to be squared, so you'll have to give me the cash first." People fell for this one as avidly as they had once fallen for gold bricks.

With the wider distribution of wealth, the housebreaker has a bigger potential field of operations, and the spread of such amenities of civilization as the electric light and telephone brings also a larger number of people with an excuse to enter private houses. The housewife continues to be taken in by the bogus inspector who, with his tale of an electricity meter to check or a telephone to repair, steals what he can lay his hands on while her back is turned.

Either there are fewer poisoning cases these days than I remember, or poisoners are working with those miracle drugs of detective-story writers that defy detection. The modern murderer, primed by the novelist, takes pains to remove marks of identity from the body and gives the police a great deal of trouble, but he still has to solve the problem of getting rid of the body itself. John George Haigh immersed the body of an elderly lady in a tank of acid, and when he was arrested told the police: "Mrs. Durand-Deacon no longer exists. She has disappeared completely and no trace of her can ever be found. I've destroyed her with acid." It was a rash boast. Detectives sieved through the sludge from the tank and the earth of the builder's yard where Haigh hoped to have disposed of his victim, and found the handle of a red plastic handbag, false teeth, bones identifiable as those of an elderly woman, and other remains sufficient to help hang the murderer.

The greatest change in my time is the freedom of communication between countries brought about by cheaper transport and, particularly, the increase in air travel.

SPORT—5

The only bad part of being a good sport is that you have to lose to prove it.

Walter Winchell

The problems this presents to the police are obvious enough. There was one example, six or seven years ago, of a body disposed of from an aeroplane. A second-hand car dealer named Stanley Setty disappeared from his home, with over £1,000 in £5 notes. A fortnight later his torso was found in the lonely Essex marshes by a farm worker shooting wild fowl from a punt.

On the day Setty's disappearance was reported, it was found that a man named Hume had settled an outstanding account at a private flying club near London with £5, had hired an Auster aeroplane for the afternoon, and had been seen to load into it a parcel resembling the wrappings found round Setty's body. When he later landed with his aeroplane at an airfield in Essex, there was no parcel aboard.

Hume was charged with murder, but at his first trial the jury disagreed. When a new jury was empanelled, the Crown offered no evidence on the charge of murder, and Hume pleaded guilty to being an accessory after the fact. He received twelve years' imprisonment.

Hume was a very amateur pilot, who had lost himself on his flight. He had also miscalculated the tides, which instead of washing the torso out to sea, had carried it inland. There is no reason to suppose that more efficient pilots have successfully disposed of corpses from aeroplanes, but it is a method of getting rid of the body which obviously has to be watched.

So has smuggling by aeroplane. There

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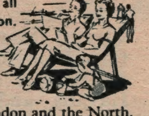

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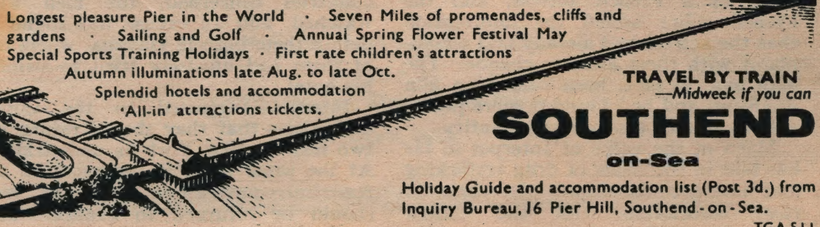

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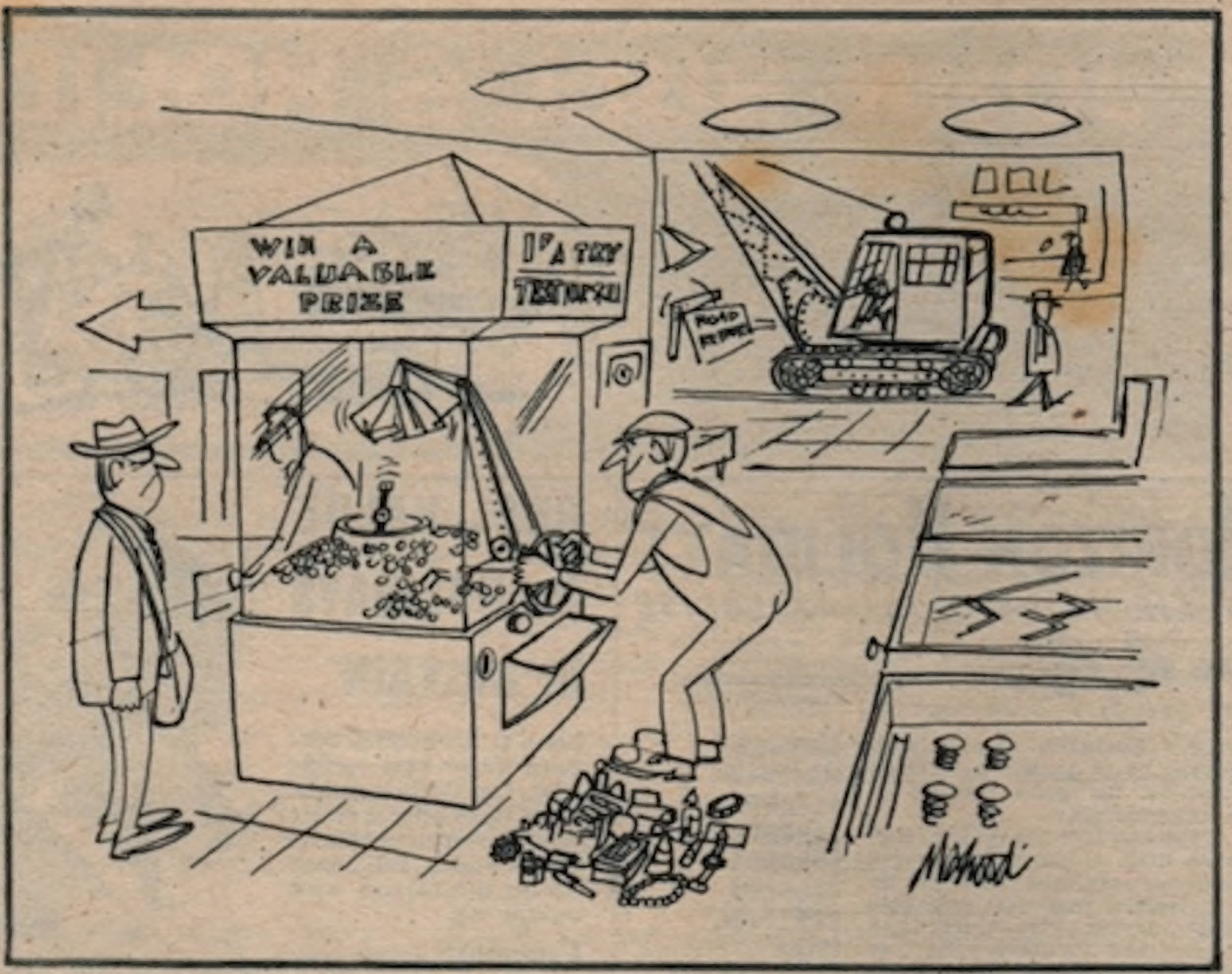

are in every country a number of unguarded airfields on which an aeroplane can land in a pretended emergency, and any gold bars, diamonds, drugs or other profitable cargo that may be aboard can be disposed of long before authority reaches the scene.

Most countries have taken measures to guard against these activities, and also against the free movement between countries of the international criminals whose field of operations has been widened by the speed of modern transport. It was for this purpose that the International Criminal Police Organization, Interpol—described by a witty writer as " the longest arm of the law " —was founded at Vienna in 1923.

By 1938 thirty-four countries were co-operating and exchanging information through Interpol. The second World War disrupted its activities, but in 1946 it was re-established, and it is now firmly entrenched in nearly sixty countries. The United States is not a full member, but the U.S. Treasury and the Bureau of Narcotics in Washington play their part and maintain relations with it in connection with counterfeiting and the drug traffic.

Interpol is probably the cheapest international organization that ever existed. A member country's contribution is worked out as a sum per head of the population, and it costs the United Kingdom a modest £2,000 a year. It has headquarters in Paris, and is run by a president, a secretary-general and small executive committee, of which for ten years I was a member.

THE prime value of Interpol lies in the close contact established between the crime-fighting sections of the police of its member countries, the exchange of ideas, theories and practice by correspondence, through the *I.C.P.O. Review*, and by no means least through the annual meeting in some capital city of all members, and the more frequent meetings of the executive committee.

A case containing watches is sent from Switzerland, and arrives in the Argentine filled with stones. Who stole the watches? Was it an employee of the Swiss factory, someone in the Azores where the aeroplane carrying the box touched down, or someone at the Argentine end? Only some such organization as Interpol, with its growing international Criminal Record Office, its crime graphs, and its duty to co-ordinate the crimes brought to its notice, can provide the link which leads to international investigation and an arrest.

The Information Room at Scotland Yard, communications centre of the Metropolitan Police, is in touch by wireless, telephone and teleprinter with patrol cars, motor-cycles, boats, district police stations and, of course, the public, who by dialling 999 on their telephones can get in direct touch with the Information Room. In a small room next door, this link is made world-wide by radio communication with Interpol.

Messages pass in morse, an international language, and are handed to linguists of the Special Branch for translation. The speed of communication is such that a suspected smuggler boarding an aeroplane in Paris can be stopped and searched on his arrival at London Airport less than an hour later.

Even with limited resources at its disposal, Interpol is markedly effective. For example, the Singapore police suspected the identity of a man posing there as a producer of Twentieth Century-Fox, prospecting the location of a new film. They sent out through Interpol a call for information, as a result of which we at Scotland Yard were able to establish that he was a Londoner with a criminal record; the American police produced a cheque for eight thousand dollars that he had issued, without funds to meet it, in the name of a French actress; and the French police added the information that the actress had already laid a complaint with them about a cheque. The man had, in fact, been valet to a film producer, and had found it more profitable to assume his master's identity.

Much of the value of Interpol so far has lain in the fields of drug trafficking and international fraud. It works in close association with the United Nations Narcotics Division, and has some good captures to its credit.

In November, 1956, twelve kilogrammes of heroin—worth, at New York prices, about 230,000 dollars—were seized in Montreal aboard a French boat. The carrier was a French sailor, who told an unlikely story about having received the heroin from an unknown man in Hamburg.

Thanks to international co-operation, however, the police knew a great deal more about it than that. In February, 1956, a man had been condemned in his absence by a Paris court to three years' imprisonment, a fine of 200,000 francs and five years' banishment for drug trafficking. He had an associate who had been mixed up in a homicide case in Corsica, but had not been charged. The French police knew only that he was an accomplice in the drug traffic.

Hands

by WILLIAM CLARKE

Hands have no life of their own
till they take hold
Of something tangible, or simply
fold
On other hands, in prayer, or
making friends:
Else there is nothing quite so
dead as hands.

You watch an old man nodding
in his chair,
His bony fingers clutching at
empty air,
And then consider if hands we
do not use
Are not as pathetic as cast-off
shoes:

Or marionettes, no longer jerked
on strings:
Or silent roundabouts, or empty
swings.

In July, 1956, the Canadian police advised Interpol that these two men had turned up in Montreal and had taken air tickets, one to Nice via Curaçao, Havana and Madrid, the other for Curaçao, Havana, Bermuda and back to Toronto. No direct action could be taken, but Interpol passed on the information to the police of the countries concerned, the men were watched, and an excuse was found to detain them both in Havana, where one of them had unwisely tried to swindle his hotel.

Interpol suggested to the Cuban authorities that they should return the two men to New York as undesirables. At the same time, it suggested to the American authorities that the men should be returned to France. This double operation worked perfectly. The two men, with their mistresses, were flown from Havana on October 8, touched down in New York and were immediately sent on to Paris, where they arrived on the following day. One was arrested and the other three interrogated by the French organization for the suppression of drug traffic.

The haul on board the French ship was the first result of this neat operation. The sailor, who got ten years' imprisonment, proved to belong to a circle of drug traffickers operating in Le Havre. They in turn were supplied with heroin by the Paris organization run by the arrested man, and distribution at the Canadian end was organized by his associate.

In 1954 the American Narcotics Bureau co-operated through Interpol with the police of Greece, the Lebanon, Turkey and Syria to bring off an even bigger haul, involving twelve arrests and about 330 kilogrammes of opium, hashish and morphine-base.

The United States remains one of the biggest targets for drug traffickers. The prizes of the game are high, and there is no end to the ingenuity of men in concealing a cargo which is at once immensely valuable and small in bulk. Drugs have been found in the soles of slippers, in fountain pens and under the felt lining of spectacle cases. It is obviously impossible to search every hiding-place of every traveller landing by sea and air, and the only real hope of controlling the traffic is through " information received " in the underworlds of a dozen countries and its rapid exchange through Interpol.

The vastly increased number of people of all nationalities who now travel abroad has led to a profitable new field in the forgery of travellers' cheques. Either the forms are forged and drawn on imaginary banks, or the figures on genuine cheques are altered.

Three years ago, two ordinary-looking men might have been seen among the crowds of American tourists who pour ashore in Curaçao during the tourist season. Like everyone else, these two men went shopping for luxury souvenirs, paying by " cashier's cheques " of twenty-five, fifty and a hundred dollars drawn on the American Trust Company of San Francisco. If they were asked to establish their identity, they showed visiting cards in the names of Stanton and Rice, engineers with the Henry J. Kaiser Company.

The two men stayed overnight in Curaçao, went on to the neighbouring island of Aruba, and so to Venezuela, passing cheques all the way. Not for some time did the cheques come back from the United States with the regrettable information that the American Trust Company of San Francisco did not exist.

The Curaçao police checked the lists of arrivals by sea and air, but found no Mr. Stanton or Mr. Rice. They did, however, find an hotel at which two men had registered in those names, and their descriptions seemed to correspond with those of the men who had passed the cheques. The passenger lists out of Curaçao on the following day were checked, but, once again, there was no Mr. Stanton or Mr. Rice.

The police then went through the passenger and crew lists of all boats and aircraft which had called at Curaçao during that week—no easy matter, since between four and five hundred tourists and an even greater number of crew members had passed through. The investigators, however, whittled down the number of suspects to a list of about sixty people who had arrived on January 16 and left on the following day.

The search then moved to the airport, where a steward remembered that one of his passengers to Venezuela on January 17 had written a charming message in his book, signing it " Benavides."

The message, not without humour in the circumstances, said: " With visits to ninety-eight countries and colonies, all over the world, by ship and air, on my life's chart, I am pleased to say in all sincerity that today's trip is my most pleasant one."

The writing of the complimentary Mr. Benavides proved to be that of the man who had endorsed counterfeit cheques in the name of Stanton. The F.B.I. in Washington, on inquiry, were able to identify Stanton as an Englishman named John Morton, and Rice as an American, Frank Bursch, both with criminal records in the United States.

No trace of them could be found in Venezuela, but an exchange of information through Interpol, and an international call to its members, ran them to earth, Morton in Madrid and Bursch in Antigua, where he had opened a shop with the proceeds of his shopping expedition. This had started some time before in Texas, taken in Mexico, and then proceeded via Guatemala, Cuba and Costa Rica to Haiti, where the men had had a thousand cheque forms printed, for which they had omitted to pay the printer. They then returned to Cuba, touched at Santo Domingo and Panama en route for Colombia, went on to Curaçao, and so to the final destinations via Venezuela.

Here is an inquiry covering more than a dozen countries, which could only be effectively undertaken through the closest international co-operation. The arguments against strengthening international police co-operation are still those advanced more than a century ago against the formation by Sir Robert Peel of the Metropolitan Police. The police, said the critics, would be a political force, used by the government for its own political ends. How real those dangers were we in Europe have had good cause to see in recent years, when in some countries the word " crime " has been stretched to embrace those political activities of speaking, writing and thinking which we in Britain regard as essential to the working of a democracy.

The danger was met in London by the careful selection of men for the force, and by two maxims laid down by the first Police Commissioners and since scrupulously observed: that the British police are not above the law, but subject to it like any ordinary citizen, and answerable for their actions if they overstep their legal powers; and that the police must always be strictly impartial and must seek to administer the law without fear or favour, whatever the political, religious, racial or social complexions of the persons with whom they have to deal.

In Britain, as a result, fifty million people sleep safely in their beds every night, free from fear both of the criminal and of the knock on the door which signals the arrival of the secret police.

We tend to forget how comparatively recently this has become possible, and over how small a part of the earth's surface it still applies. But it is this tradition that already informs Interpol and will, I hope, spread in ever-widening circles until to every decent man and woman in the world the police will seem, as they are in Britain, friends and not persecutors.

THE END

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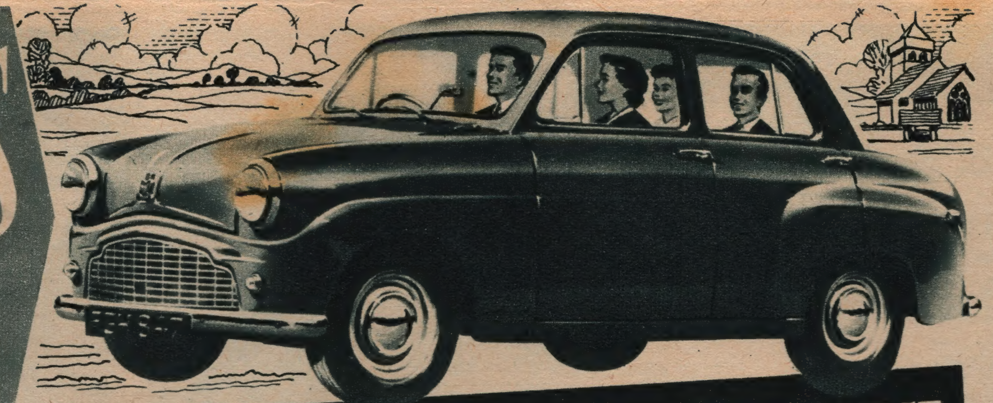

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RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality. 2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators. 3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 6d. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /&Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated April 12), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, March 29, for early news of Bullets No. 2,132 result.)

- Way The World's Shaping
- March Of Youth
- To Speed Things Up
- Remember, Mr. Amory
- The Price We Pay
- In The Space Age
- Giant Of A Man
- Beats Everything
- That Lovely Limousine
- If Ivan Were Free
- My Little Tribe
- Beyond Belief
- The Law's The Law, So
- Enlightened The Savage
- A Beauty
- Her Gallant Knight
- Fading Into Oblivion
- Invention Of The Devil
- Dizzy Blonde
- Took The Grin Off His Face

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual.

- Give...............A Break And
- Spring's ....
- In Spite Of The..................
- Last To Be........................
- The Gentle Art Of...........
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£10: Mrs. V. Finlay, 36 Kings Road, Prestwich: IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE—CLEAR THAT *Slum* COURT!

OTHER AWARDS. £9: A. L. Parsons, 8 Whitesmocks Avenue, Durham City: IN THE 13TH WARD—CHAP WHO *Rounded* LADDER! £8: R. R. Chaplin, 20 Ampthill Road, Maulden, Beds: MISGUIDED YOUTH—WE "FLAIL"—WE FAIL. £7: J. Hastie, 245 Dodworth Road, Barnsley: WORRYING WESTMINSTER'S—SIX HUNDRED — TODAY'S "CHARGES"? £6: Mrs. N. Moroney, New Haven, Winchester Road, Four Marks, Alton, Hants: THE CYPRUS VOLCANO—"NO! NO!" MAKING "INFERNO"? £5: W. G. Bailey, 2 Rosella Place, North Shields: WORRYING KREMLIN—KILLERS—"SHEEP" CHASING *Truth*! £5: Mrs. P. Hedges, South Downs, Wellingham Lane, High Salvington, Worthing: WORRYING CINEMA—STAFF—NEXT "RELEASE," *Themselves*! £5: R. Reynolds, 2 New Purchase Farm, Eythorne, Dover: DEAR, KIND MR. KRUSCHEV—ON PAPER—ON *Map*?

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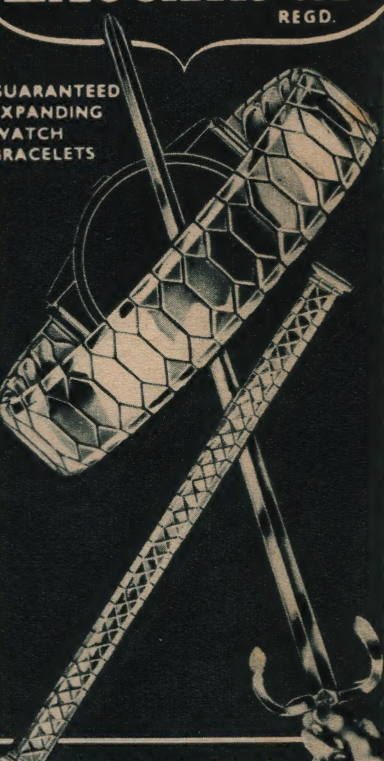

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